



Very clear and very fundamental in his thinking about this huge federation of the United States, held together by our political talent for compromise, HERBERT AGAR is the author of The People's Choice, which won the Pulitzer Prize in American History for 1934, and of Price of Union, his most recent and farsighted book, published by Houghton Mifflin last March. Mr. Agar was educated at Columbia and Princeton, where he took his Ph.D. in 1922; he is a veteran of both World Wars. He edited the Louisville Courier-Journal from 1940 to 1942 and was special assistant to the American Ambassador in London from 1943 to 1946.

WHY HAVE A LABOR PARTY?

by HERBERT AGAR

MANY Americans have grown impatient with their illogical politics. They ask for political parties with clear principles and clear plans. They say the voter should know what he is getting, instead of having to choose between two vague and similar "platforms" which only become lucid when they discuss the vices of the other party. They say the Republicans and Democrats should reshuffle themselves into a progressive and a conservative party, each with a neat philosophy and an appropriate program.

Although this plea for logic and simplification sometimes comes from conservatives, it more often comes from radicals, in which case it usually leads to a demand for a Labor party. And in fact, if we were all to align ourselves ideologically, the emergence of a Labor party would seem inevitable.

In opposition to such a search for clarity and reason one may argue that parties based on ideas and principles may be suitable for a little country like England but would not be suitable here; that our strange form of politics grew up in response to a clear need and has served the country better than its critics admit; and that the substitution of the European type of party (and of political behavior) would alter our whole system of government.

The nature of that system can be suggested by reviewing how and why it came to pass. Then we can deal more cogently with the present.

The Fathers feared the rise of parties as the greatest of evils which might afflict the young Republic. Madison gave a clear picture of what he hoped would happen as an alternative. Because of the vast size of the country (and the variety of social habits and economic needs imposed by that size) certain pressure groups would form brief alliances when their interests were similar, but would then dissolve and look for new allies on new issues. This would force a healthy conservatism upon American politics, since no faction would be strong enough to govern alone, and when a group of factions came together in a temporary league each of them would have to water down its demands to win the help of the others. Conservatism, compromise, deference to class or regional bias: these would be required by the size and diversity of America. A local group might be as extreme as it liked in its own state or district; but when it joined with other groups to act nationally it would leave its radicalism at home.

Madison was very nearly right. American politics until 1825 can very nearly be made to square with his predictions. The Democratic party which he and Jefferson built was at first little more than a loose alliance of the gentry who controlled the votes of their local factions: the Livingstons, the Clintons, and Aaron Burr in New York State; the two great Virginians; Charles Pinckney in South

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Carolina; and so on. Although this odd coalition of Southern landowners fiercely devoted to a cause and Northern bosses fiercely devoted to success did not dissolve, the opposing (Federalist) coalition did. From 1816 to 1825 there was in effect only one national party. This meant that there was in effect no national party, since each Democratic faction battled bitterly against the others.

An observer during the presidencies of Monroe and John Quincy Adams might well have thought Madison's predictions were coming true — but not with the benign results which Madison had expected. Every leader conspired for his own advancement with a stealth and bitterness which made the old party feuds seem friendly. Even within Monroe's Cabinet the Secretary of the Treasury found "ambitious and crafty and disappointed men on the watch for every mischief, and welcoming every disaster."

Instead of dividing the country, as the Fathers had feared, the political parties had canalized discontents and cupidities, discouraging the extremes of roguery or perfectionism so as to hold together as many groups as possible for the pursuit of power. Thus they gave a certain form and moderation to politics. And instead of uniting the country, the disappearance of the opposition led to a chaos which could only end in tyranny or in the rebirth of parties. When there is an orderly, respected alternative, a government will discipline itself and work as a team. But the members of Monroe's Cabinet had nothing to fear except one another, so they spent their time frustrating one another. Except in foreign affairs, the public business did not go forward.

All this was watched and judged by some of the ablest politicians America has bred. They saw the old Jeffersonian party, to which everyone was supposed to belong, unopposed and unhealthy, decaying in public and becoming a danger. They saw their chance to build (around the fame of Andrew Jackson) a disciplined opposition; and in the spring of 1825 they set to work. Because of the recent extension of the suffrage, the old-fashioned Jeffersonian alliance of a few gentry would no longer suffice. It was now necessary to reach the mass of the people.

Yet in basic character the new parties (for the Jackson men were soon opposed by a group as well organized as themselves) were like the old. They were a bundle of local pressure groups and local machines, concerned first of all with local interests and local victories but prepared to unite to win the prize of federal patronage: the jobs, the contracts, the personal favors which the national government could dispense.

It was no accident that the new parties had as little logical coherence as the old, that they stood for no clear idea except that victory is agreeable. The political form was imposed by the facts of a

huge federal republic. Putting aside slavery for a moment, there were only three matters of primary concern to the central government: higher or lower tariffs; more or less road and canal building, river and harbor improving, at federal expense; faster or slower disposal of the national domain. Each question stirred fierce regional jealousies. No abstract philosophical principle connected the questions. They could not be divided on any system of Right and Left. They could not be "settled" once and for all. If the federal structure was not to be strained and the new experiment in government endangered, they could only be compromised, awkwardly, unsystematically, as the sectional and class pressures on either side waxed or waned.

In the 1820s, for example, when the new parties were beginning, South Carolina and Massachusetts were changing sides on the matter of tariffs. In the process they nearly plunged the country into secession, until the irrational party system produced an intellectually meaningless compromise which quieted the tariff war from 1833 until Fort Sumter.

2

NEGRO slavery was the one matter of "principle" before the country when our party system was developing. And the system, built to ensure compromise and to prevent regional groups from leaving the main party, tried of course to ignore the principle. Even this may not have been wholly bad, for man tends dangerously to treat all his opinions as principles, and ideological parties on the European model encourage the tendency. And even when the principle is genuine, even when the feeling on both sides is so strong as to preclude concession, there may be a case for the delay which nonideological parties ensure.

John Caldwell Calhoun, the philosopher in politics, early recognized that slavery was a question of principle. So he planned either Constitutional reform to protect slavery, or, if that failed, secession. He was right. No halfway measures would suffice. If slavery was to be saved, the North must give way or the South must secede. By the weight of his intellect and character Calhoun would probably have taken the South out of the Union in 1850, before the North had strength to resist; but he was defeated by a typical political compromiser: Henry Clay.

Clay had always laughed at Calhoun, whom he pictured as forever staring at an abstraction and muttering, "This is indeed a crisis!" Clay did not believe in crises. He thought "inevitable" issues could always be evaded, or postponed until they lost their interest. So when Calhoun was ready for secession Clay produced the famous "Compromise of 1850," which did not face the moral issue of slavery but which postponed the Civil War for

ten years. By that time the North could win. By his cheerful, perhaps light-minded, feeling that if unpleasant issues were dodged "something would turn up," Clay saved the Union.

One cannot make a principle out of being unprincipled. One cannot defend as a virtue the refusal to face facts. Yet perhaps in the governing of men it is not always wise to push too fast, too furiously, toward the morally ideal. "Government is a very rough business," said Sir George Cornwall Lewis; "you must be content with very unsatisfactory results." Most Americans might agree today that even the Civil War was less "unsatisfactory" than a divided Union. Yet a little more logic and principle, applied a little sooner, would probably have assured disunion.

The truth that our political forms are imposed by the facts of our huge federal empire is also shown in the history of the Republican party. Formed on the eve of the Civil War as a party of pure ideas, pure principle, the Republicans elected Abraham Lincoln. And at once, in order to win the war of principle, Lincoln had to resort to all the conciliatory, dilatory, even devious devices which have characterized federal politics.

In order to keep the slaveholding border states (without which he thought he could not win) he had to say the war had nothing to do with slavery. In order to ward off a revolt of state governors within his party, he had to promise partial emancipation for January 1, 1863. He wheedled and won to the Union side enough important Democrats to frustrate the anti-war party. He cut short or kept quiet the more violent revolts among the men who wished to treat the South as Rome treated Carthage, and who would have lost Lincoln both the border states and the War Democrats. Like Jefferson he seemed to rule with the wand of a magician, and if he had not been murdered the peace might have been worthy of the war.

The unhappy Johnson then took over Lincoln's policies, Lincoln's plans for conciliation. But he did not inherit Lincoln's assuaging magic. So the fanatics took charge in Washington, and the Republican party was subjected again to the men of abstract principle, the men who knew they were right. The result is still a burden upon the Republic.

Under the brave but inept Johnson, under the political baby, Grant, the Republican "radicals" imposed a policy of "thorough": no compromise, no concessions, nothing but the pure, logical idea. And as usual (since man is not good enough to be so sure of himself) the idea was quickly stained by hate and greed. The appeal to principles ended in the not infrequent combination of the Puritan and the blackleg. The Negro was betrayed in the hour of his deliverance and the white South was set against him for eighty years. The name Republican was made so odious throughout the late Confederacy that the region has been condemned to a

one-party system. Yet in 1865 and 1866 there was a large ex-Whig, pro-Union group in the South. If Lincoln the compromiser had lived, the two-party system would have been re-established at once.

Thus ended the stubborn experiment with a party of principle. Beginning with President Hayes in 1877, the Republicans reverted under the pressure of facts to the normal federal process of group bargains and group concessions. By the time of Mark Hanna and McKinley the party was free from the last of its ideological fanatics, and incidentally it was at the height of its power.

3

THIS glance at history seems to show that in our huge federal society the political parties, to endure, must themselves be federations, with the maximum of home rule, which means the maximum of power (even within the party) to block, to delay, to insist on compromise. Thus we see today that the Democrats of the Northern industrial towns cannot impose their will on the Democrats of Mississippi, nor can the Republicans of Pennsylvania force conservatism upon the Republicans of Wisconsin. In the making of national party policy every region and every interest-group must have the right to interpose and to demand at least an abatement if it feels itself threatened.

This is what John Nance Garner had in mind when he said: "Each of the two parties is in a sense a coalition. Any party to serve the country must be a party of all sorts of views." But how can a party with hard-and-fast, logical principles be also a coalition with "all sorts of views"?

If we turn from the parties to the Congress, we find the same rules of federalism at work. When a bill is sent to committee the first job of the committee is to reach a compromise acceptable to all the major interests affected. Each member of the committee may be a statesman to his heart's content on other occasions; but when a bill affects the beliefs or the money of his constituents he must act as their agent, or look for another job. Who is to protect his district's interests if he does not? Will a representative from industrial Delaware understand (let alone stir himself to save) the business of a cattleman in parched Arizona or of an asparagus grower in the blazing, irrigated San Joaquin valley?

Even when a bill escapes from committee it may still be unacceptable to some region or some class. But under the system of federal concessions it can then be talked to death in the Senate. The filibuster has lately been called the last refuge of reaction. We should remember, however, that it has often been the last refuge of radicalism. Andrew Jackson's defender in the Senate, Thomas Hart Benton, said he would resort to "any possible extremity" to save unlimited debate. And the elder

La Follette fought the moderate cloture rule demanded by Woodrow Wilson, saying that if the rule was accepted "you will have broken down one of the greatest weapons against wrong and oppression that the members of this body possess." And when Coolidge's Vice President, Charles G. Dawes, tried to speed the Senate procedure, a national convention of the American Federation of Labor unanimously condemned this "campaign to abolish free speech in . . . the only forum in the world where cloture does not exist and where members can prevent the passage of reactionary legislation."

The filibuster is an undemocratic veto in a chamber which is undemocratic by constitution. Nevertheless, like the amorphous party system, like the committee system in Congress, it has played a vital role in preserving our federal compromise.

All three of these put together comprise what Calhoun called "the rule of the concurrent majority." He wished to write it formally into the Constitution: that every major interest in the country, whether regional, economic, or religious, should have the right to veto any political decision which directly concerned it. Such an amendment would have left the government powerless to meet a crisis. Yet in normal times, when the nation does not feel itself in danger, Calhoun's plan is precisely how our federal system works. The question may be raised whether a very large federation can work in any other way. The proposal to introduce parties of logic and principle, and thus to weaken the power to obstruct, may lead to the more formidable proposal of remolding America into a centralized national state.

However, if we can preserve our present precarious balance, we may find ourselves with the best of both worlds — with as little government as possible in good times, and as much government as necessary in bad times. For side by side with our devices for obstruction we have invented (in the emergency powers of the President) a device for speed. When the people are roused to a sense of danger, the President can be given the strength of a Roman dictator. And when the sense of danger diminishes, the federal balance revives, and with it the power of a minority to block.

We have been living so long in economic or military emergencies that the federal power to act, rather than the federal power to deny, seems uppermost. This might be a reason for conserving our unique party structure. Neither the Congressional committee system nor the Senate filibuster could survive the rise of ideological politics. It seems fair to say that the parties, which the Fathers feared as the enemy of balanced powers, are today the chief bulwark of all their balances, the last defense of federal compromise.

If the Labor-party plan is to put all the progressives into one camp and all the unprogressives into

another, and then to insist on strict majority rule (no matter if the majority lives in a corner of the country lying north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi), the United States will cease to be a true federation or will cease to be united.

If the plan is to build a "third party" for labor, no one could object — except the leaders of labor, who have found they can do nicely by using the present system. Third parties have an honorable role in our history. They are not meant to come to power in Washington; they are meant to dramatize new ideas or neglected grievances. If they catch the public ear throughout the country, their projects will be taken over by *both* the major parties: witness the Populist party, in the case of neglected grievances, or the Prohibition party, in the case of a new idea.

But labor has won its fight for collective bargaining. It is winning the fight for large labor participation in the planning and in the conduct of business enterprise. It may even be winning the fight to persuade its own ranks that old-fashioned "featherbedding" hurts labor as a producer and scalps labor as a consumer. Labor is of age — economically, politically, and socially. The cry for a Labor party comes chiefly from impatient intellectuals who think such a party would speed their favorite reforms. Less and less does the cry come from labor leaders, who have found that by using the traditional American party system they can win the traditional American benefits.

Finally, if the plan is to build a new party "of all sorts of views" and call it a Labor party, why bother? By the time the nation-wide coalition has been effected it will be found to resemble startlingly the two coalitions which are now called "Democratic" and "Republican." They are the product of pure professional effort. The fact that they are so much alike in policy is a credit to the profession. Every politician would delight in finding a new set of compromises which would not only win but which would leave his own party clearly distinguishable from the other. It cannot be done. By the time the Republicans have arranged to placate every large group among the hundred and fifty million Americans (except for Alabama and Mississippi) and the Democrats have done the same (except for Maine and Vermont) the chief issue must be the names they call each other.

We need more than one major party, or how could we turn the rascals out? We need fewer than three major parties, or most of us would be on a political payroll. That seems to leave a two-party system. If people choose to call one of the two parties "Labor," that can do no harm, so long as the party continues (by endless assuagements) to bring citizens of all sections, incomes, occupations, races, religions, and prejudices into an enjoyable combination for the pursuit of power. But in that case why change the name?



Germany's spectacular victories in Europe in 1940-1941 convinced Hitler that in his grasp of military and strategic questions he was far superior to his generals. When Halder, Chief of Staff, differed with him by insisting that the armies be withdrawn from Stalingrad, Halder was dismissed. Such differences prompted Hitler to have male stenographers present at both daily conferences in his headquarters. The minutes of these conferences, with their intimate record of Hitler's intuition and ignorance, totaled sixty million words; the charred, fragmentary remains of the only surviving set were retrieved by Sergeant George Allen of the 101st Airborne Division. FELIX GILBERT, Professor of History at Bryn Mawr, has edited these secret records, which will be published by the Oxford University Press under the title *Hitler Directs His War*.

HITLER'S SECRET RECORDS

Unpublished Stenographic Reports of Hitler's Talks with His Generals

Edited by FELIX GILBERT

ON Saturday, May 5, 1945, the 506th Parachute Infantry of the 101st Airborne Division occupied Berchtesgaden. Sergeant George Allen was prompt to open the Divisional Counter-Intelligence office and began the task of clearing the Nazi element out of the town's local government. One of the first Germans to be interrogated for a position in the new government was Herr Gerhard Herrgesell. He told Sgt. Allen that he had been a stenographer for the military conferences which had taken place twice daily at Hitler's headquarters all through the war, and that he had been present at the last conference to be held with all the major figures present, on April 22, 1945. Having admitted that there were other members of the stenographic staff still in the neighborhood, Herrgesell was ordered to bring them to headquarters. On May 8 he presented himself with six of his colleagues, including Dr. Kurt Peschel, head of the stenographic service at Hitler's headquarters, and Herr Buckholz, who had been present when the attempt was made on Hitler's life on July 20, 1944.

In the course of this second interrogation, it was learned that shorthand reports of Hitler's conferences with his generals had been begun in 1942; that they had been kept in triplicate; that the record filled over two hundred thousand pages; and that Hitler's own copy of the minutes had been burned by SS troops in a pit they dug near the village of Hintersee, five miles from Berchtesgaden. Sgt. Allen with Herrgesell, Peschel, and Buckholz immediately drove out to see the pit, where they found a mass of charred paper perhaps two feet

deep. After digging about for a few minutes, Sgt. Allen came upon what Herrgesell told him was a complete stenographic original of a whole conference, then another, and then quite a few typescripts which had been charred around the edges. All in all, they were able to recover the remains of fifty-two conferences, some complete, some consisting of only a few charred pages. Some of the fragments were in shorthand, still wrapped in their original manila envelopes; the rest were typewritten copies and bore the word *Führerkopie* at the top of each first page.

The German stenographers were set to work making clear copies of what was still legible, and thus emerged some eight hundred typed pages covering the conferences from December, 1942, to March 23, 1945.

Of the three sets of minutes, the one which is said to have been left in Berlin in the German Army Archives may be presumed to have been wholly destroyed; another was completely burned by Brigadier General Walter Scherff, historian of the Oberkommando der Wehrmacht. It is therefore probable that the charred remains which Sgt. Allen recovered from the pit at Hintersee represent all that survives of an immensely important document of over two hundred thousand pages.

It is clear that the conferences consisted of two parts. In the first, usually held in the mornings, the staff reported on the situation on the Eastern and Western fronts, and the Air Force and Navy reported on their special fields. Hitler sat or stood at a table on which were spread the maps to illus-

trate each report. Then, after an intermission in which the officers refreshed themselves with drinks and a buffet lunch, there followed a more general and informal discussion led by Hitler. In these informal discussions, Hitler held the center of the stage and the generals were always careful to "yes" him into a good humor — unless the news was too bad.

These stenographic records were begun in December, 1942, as the result of a dispute between Halder, the Army Chief of Staff, and Hitler. Halder was dismissed from office and henceforward Hitler, in complete control, was surrounded by generals who believed — or said they believed — in his military genius. He insisted that there should always be two (usually there were three) stenographers present. He gave less and less authority to field commanders and took more and more details upon himself. He believed increasingly that any suggested withdrawal or retreat was motivated by lack of courage and that his intuition, plus a more courageous attitude on the part of his subordinates, was sufficient for victory.

Morale, the full use of modern techniques, and the political considerations seemed more important to him than to the more conventional professional soldiers. His point of view was upheld with great obstinacy; and while his ideas were effective when the war was going well, he clung to them when reverses made them ineffective or destructive. It cannot be said, however, that Hitler's amateur generalship showed intellectual feebleness. It was in some respects highly intelligent, but it was conceited, egotistic, and controlled by fixed ideas.

Hitler's sentences were badly constructed and repetitive, and his language was extremely vulgar. Also it will be seen that he was mean in argument and amazingly ill informed on vital political and economic facts in connection with countries, such as the United States, with which he was personally unfamiliar. — FELIX GILBERT

ROMMEL'S RETREAT

December 12, 1942. This conference lasted from 12.45 P.M. until 3 P.M.

PARTICIPANTS: *Hitler, Bodenschatz, Buhle, Christian, Heusinger, Hewel, Jodl, Krancke, Warlimont, and Zeitzler.*

After a very long and detailed discussion of the military situation at Velikie Luki and Stalingrad, Jodl launches his report on the African theater. He refers to Rommel's retreat from the position before El Agheila, which the British 8th Army was preparing to attack both from the front and by a flanking movement from the south.

HITLER: I've received another report saying that there is a retreat in progress here.

JODL: Yes, that's right. There is no doubt that the enemy has begun his first major attack here, which he probably wants to continue on the 13th. Our air reconnaissance confirms that he had his air

force ready, and that he had moved his bases up. He has his main fighter group, with 130 single-engined and 120 twin-engined planes, in the area north of Agedabia, plus 100 single-engined and 40 twin-engined planes in the area between Sollum and Marina. In addition, the total number of intercepted radio messages indicates that his condition is just as it was before the El Alamein offensive, and he is now ready to attack here. The Air Chief Africa is also of the opinion that the English offensive aimed at Tripoli will commence within the next few days. Our own forces are weak in comparison as long as the main body is in Sicily. Essentially they are too far away from the final position.

HITLER: Who said that that was the final position?

JODL: The Duce has given that order.

HITLER: The conference which the Reichsmarschall had wasn't that clear.¹

JODL: Rommel says the same thing in his telegram.

HITLER: What does he say?

JODL: He says: "Troops in the area . . . will be drawn back into the final position." There is the word "final." So the over-all situation allowed him to count on that.

Now to continue: Although he repulsed all attacks yesterday, including those from the south, Rommel says that the attacks will doubtless be continued here today, and that he can't afford an engagement which would use up his fighting strength, particularly since the enemy attacks also from the south, though with weak forces. His fuel situation is such that he can't conduct offensive and mobile operations, but was just able to withdraw into this position. He has to stay here until the 15th, so that he will be mobile again. Therefore he can't commit himself to anything. Considering the fuel situation, that's understandable. If he were mobile, if he could drive around the way he wants, he could slip out of any encirclement.

HITLER: I really must say that that huge Army of his must have had fuel to come back here from the El Alamein. They didn't do that on water. In all that time, they had practically no fuel. If they had brought up the fuel instead of going back for it, they could have operated out in front. There's no doubt about that. Because it would have been simpler to operate in front with a couple of divisions. In the last analysis it is only the tanks and a little artillery. They've covered 1500 kilometers, taking along household goods and everything else they could get their hands on. Of the men we lost there, it is certain that 50 per cent were lost during the retreat, which means that the real losses up front

¹ Göring, who alone possessed the military rank of Reichsmarschall, had been in Rome on November 30 for a conference with Mussolini, at which he had promised to send three German Panzer divisions to Africa, and at which it was agreed that the final stand for the protection of Tripoli would be made not at El Agheila but at Buerat.

were probably extraordinarily low. There is no doubt that the failure to push through the first offensive under the impact of the sinking of the 4000-ton steamer was wrong.¹ That's the impression Kesselring had, as well as Ramcke, who said: "We cannot understand why we didn't get further, the English were in complete rout; all we would have had to do was to drive on and to push in from some flank."

But I really think one shouldn't leave a man in a position of such heavy responsibility too long. That gradually demoralizes his nerves. . . . It's better to relieve him. Then someone comes in fresh, who wants to earn his laurels and is relatively fresher. I am therefore determined that, as soon as the first wave is passed, we shall relieve a number of generals who are perfectly all right; we'll simply order them—even a Field Marshal—to take a furlough so that they will return to the front completely relaxed.

You've got to imagine the situation. He has always got to spar around with all kinds of miserable elements out there. So it's no wonder that after two years he loses his nerve. . . . Then things which to us in the rear don't appear so terrible seem unbearable to him. Last winter we had cases where people up front simply lost their nerve under catastrophic weather conditions; they said, "It's easy for them in the rear to talk, they don't have to stay in this weather." That's right, too. But we should also guard against exposing people constantly to the same conditions. If I expose a high staff to three weeks of mortar fire, I can't be surprised if they lose their nerve. . . . Except in the case of final decisions, where the general has to seize the flag because everything is at stake, he must be in the rear. You can't command for any length of time surrounded by the roar of battle.

One thing is certain: in this comparatively narrow area one person must be able to survey the whole battle line. He doesn't even have the necessary communications; he has to depend upon instinct. But if you do that for two years, eventually your nerves go to pieces. That's the Reichsmarschall's impression, too. He says that Rommel has completely lost his nerve. . . .

THE SURRENDER AT STALINGRAD

February 1, 1943. This conference began at 12.17 P.M.; the closing time is not indicated in the manuscript.

PARTICIPANTS: *Hitler, Buhle, Christian, Engel, Jeschonnek, Jodl, Keitel, and Zeitzler.*

A special communiqué of the Soviet Information Bureau published in the night of Sunday, January 31, to

¹ The sinking of German supply ships played a decisive role in Rommel's failure to pierce the British position at El Alamein and his abandonment of the offensive on September 2, 1942. Kesselring, then chief of the German air forces based in Italy, went to Berlin to complain about Rommel's handling of this attack. Ramcke was commander of the 2nd German Airborne Division.

Monday, February 1, 1943, announced that the Russian "forces on the Don front between January 27 and January 31 completed the annihilation of the German troops surrounded west of Stalingrad"; it stated that on January 31 the Russian forces had "captured Field Marshal von Paulus, commanding the group of German forces before Stalingrad, consisting of the 6th Army and the 4th Tank Army, his chief of staff, Lieutenant-General Schmidt, and the whole of his staff." The Russian report then listed the various captured generals by name, among others Lieutenant-General von Seydlitz, commander of the LI Army Corps.

The following stenographic report of the meeting held by Hitler under the impact of this news is very badly preserved.

The meeting starts with a discussion between Hitler and Zeitzler on the possibility of a German withdrawal from the Donets Basin, where the advanced German positions were threatened by Russian attacks from the north and the southeast. Hitler wants to think over this problem but is reluctant to make the decision because he feels that without the use of this industrial region he would not be able to resume offensive action in the East. The discussion then turns to Stalingrad.

HITLER: They have surrendered there formally and absolutely. Otherwise they would have closed ranks, formed a hedgehog, and shot themselves with their last bullet. When you consider that a woman has the pride to leave, to lock herself in, and to shoot herself right away² just because she has heard a few insulting remarks, then I can't have any respect for a soldier who is afraid of that and prefers to go into captivity. I can only say: I can understand a case like that of General Giraud; we come in, he gets out of his car and is grabbed. But —

ZEITZLER: I can't understand it either. I'm still of the opinion that it might not be true; perhaps he is lying there badly wounded.

HITLER: No, it is true. . . . They'll be brought to Moscow to the GPU right away, and they'll blurt out orders for the northern pocket to surrender too.³ That Schmidt will sign anything. A man who doesn't have the courage, in such a time, to take the road that every man has to take sometime, doesn't have the strength to withstand that sort of thing. He will suffer torture in his soul. In Germany there has been too much emphasis on training the intellect and not enough on strength of character. . . .

ZEITZLER: One can't understand this type of man.

² Hitler returns to this reference to a woman's suicide three times in the course of this conference. The version of the story varies each time. In addition to the two published passages, another mention is made in an omitted part of the record: "Such a beautiful woman, she was really . . . first class. Just because of a small matter, insulted by a few words, she said, 'Then I can go. I'm not needed.' Her husband answered, 'Why don't you?' So the woman went, wrote farewell letters, and shot herself."

³ A small part of the German forces, under the command of Lieutenant-General Streicher of the XI Corps, was still holding out north of Stalingrad at this time. This unit surrendered on the day following this conference.

HITLER: Don't say that. I saw a letter. . . . It was addressed to Below. I can show it to you. An officer in Stalingrad wrote: "I have come to the following conclusions about these people — Paulus, question mark; Seydlitz, should be shot; Schmidt, should be shot."

ZEITZLER: I have also heard bad reports about Seydlitz. . . .

HITLER: In peacetime, in Germany, about 18,000 or 20,000 people a year chose to commit suicide, even without being in such a position. Here is a man who sees 50,000 to 60,000 of his soldiers die defending themselves bravely to the end. How can he surrender himself to the Bolsheviks? Oh, that is —

ZEITZLER: That is something one can't understand at all.

HITLER: But I had my doubts before. That was at the moment when I received the report that he was asking what he should do. How can he even ask about such a thing? From now on, every time a fortress is besieged and the commandant is called on to surrender, he is going to ask: "What shall I do now?" . . .

ZEITZLER: There is no excuse. When his nerves threaten to break down, then he must kill himself.

HITLER: When the nerves break down, there is nothing left but to admit that one can't handle the situation and to shoot oneself. One can also say the man should have shot himself just as the old commanders who threw themselves on their swords when they saw that the cause was lost. That goes without saying. Even Varus gave his slave the order: "Now kill me!" . . .

ZEITZLER: It's much easier for the leader of an outfit. Everyone is looking at him. It's easy for him to shoot himself. It's difficult for the ordinary soldier.

HITLER: This hurts me so much because the heroism of so many soldiers is nullified by one single characterless weakling — and that is what the man is going to do now. You have to imagine, he'll be brought to Moscow — and imagine that rattrap there.¹ There he will sign anything. He'll make confessions, make proclamations. You will see: they will now walk down the slope of spiritual bankruptcy to its lowest depths. One can only say that a bad deed always produces new evils. . . . With soldiers, the fundamental thing is always character, and if we don't manage to instill that, if we just breed purely intellectual acrobats and spiritual athletes, we're never going to get a race that can stand up to the heavy blows of destiny. That is the decisive point. . . .

JODL: I still have doubts.

HITLER: Sorry, but I don't. You know, I don't believe in these wounds that Paulus is supposed to have received either. That doesn't seem to fit. . . .

¹Hitler refers to the Liubianka, the prison in Moscow.

What hurts me the most, personally, is that I still promoted him to Field Marshal. I wanted to give him this final satisfaction. That's the last Field Marshal I shall appoint in this war. You must not count your chickens before they are hatched.

I don't understand that at all. . . . So many people have to die, and then a man like that besmirches the heroism of so many others at the last minute. He could have freed himself from all sorrow and ascended into eternity and national immortality, but he prefers to go to Moscow. What kind of choice is that? It just doesn't make sense. . . . It is tragic that such heroism is so terribly besmirched at the last moment.

JESCHONNEK: I consider it possible that the Russians have reported this on purpose. They are such clever devils.

HITLER: In a week they'll be on the radio.

JESCHONNEK: The Russians would even manage to let someone else speak for them.

HITLER: No, they themselves will speak on the radio. You'll hear it soon enough. They'll all speak personally on the radio. They'll ask the people in the pocket to surrender and they'll say the most disgusting things about the German Army. You have to realize that they will be brought to Moscow and put into the Liubianka, to be "worked over." . . .

The surrender of Stalingrad was announced from Hitler's headquarters on February 3, 1943, in the following manner: "The battle for Stalingrad has ended. True to their oath to fight to the last breath, the 6th Army under the exemplary leadership of Field Marshal von Paulus has been overcome by the superiority of the enemy and by the unfavorable circumstances confronting our forces."

THE JAPS AND THE AMERICANS

March 5, 1943. This conference lasted from 12.30 P.M. until 1.30 P.M.

PARTICIPANTS: *Hitler, Christian, Hewel, Jodl, von Puttkamer, and Zeitzler.*

The meeting opens with a long, detailed report by Zeitzler on the events of the previous days on the Eastern front and on the German troop dispositions there; after giving this report, Zeitzler leaves and Jodl speaks about the situation in North Africa, the Mediterranean, and the Balkans; Hitler makes few comments on these reports. Jodl then discusses the situation in the Far East, including the disposition of American troops.

JODL: The Japanese are convinced that the European theater will remain the center of gravity in 1943.

HITLER: That doesn't exactly please me.

JODL: The evacuation of Guadalcanal has succeeded.

HITLER: You can't count too much on what the Japanese say. I don't believe a word of it.

JODL: One shouldn't believe anything they say.

They are the only people who can tell you absolutely anything with a perfectly straight face.

HITLER: They stuff you with lies, and all of their statements are based on what later turns out to be deception.

HEWEL: Public opinion in America is very much inclined to consider the Pacific the main theater of war.

HITLER: I have read a comment by Dieckhoff.¹ He denies that quite flatly. There's not the slightest truth in it. If you want to win over the Americans, you have only to announce: (1) The war is fought for American interests; (2) liquidation of the British Empire; and (3) the principal enemy is Japan. Then you have the great majority on your side. The Jews don't agree with all of these points, but the others are in the great majority. The English are beginning to complain more and more about political developments and are terribly worried that these are turning against their Empire.

HEWEL: It would be interesting to find out how the American divisions in North Africa are. Neurath flew in from Tunis last night.² He has interesting things to tell. He has interrogated American prisoners, and he says it's unbelievable. Most of them have come over to make money, and to have new experiences, and to see something new, to take part in something. There's not a trace of political conviction. They are rowdies who'll take to their heels very quickly; they won't be able to weather a crisis. . . .

HITLER: That will never become another Rome. America will never become the Rome of the future. Rome was a community of farmers.

HEWEL: But the Americans do have good human material somewhere.

JODL: Only superficially.

HITLER: Not as much as we have been told. It is concentrated in a few areas which are known to Europeans. . . . The farmers are terribly run-down. I have seen photographs. You can't imagine anything as miserable and as degenerate as the farmers; a completely uprooted mob, wandering all over the place.³

CHRISTIAN: They have no spirit, no inner pride.

JODL: They have nothing like that.

HEWEL: Just look at their war posters. They are completely impossible.

HITLER: There is no doubt that, of the Anglo-Saxons, the English are the best.

JODL: One has the feeling that the English are fighting for their country and their Empire. One never has this feeling about the Americans.

HITLER: That may be the reason why the English say that they can always handle the Americans.

¹ Last German ambassador in Washington.

² SS-Sonderführer von Neurath had been on a special mission to Africa.

³ It appears that Hitler is thinking of the movie *Grapes of Wrath*, which he is said to have seen several times.

HEWEL: That's a frivolous attitude. They won't be able to handle them because they will become dependent on them economically and in every other way. But politically and militarily they feel so superior to the Americans that they say: "In ten years we will make up for that." One hears that from many Englishmen. I consider that very frivolous.

HITLER: But on the other hand, Jodl, one thing is clear, and that is the great strength which lies not only in the size of the population but simply in the magnitude of the national territory. Just look at the Chinese Empire. They've been fighting there for five years. Part of the country is occupied, but the structure as a whole is still standing.

JODL: It is holding out almost without weapons.

HITLER: If we can't increase our space, it will mean our end. Space is one of the most important military factors. You can conduct military operations only if you have space. Only he who has space can survive the wars of the future. That was the misfortune of the French. In a single drive last year, we occupied more territory than in our whole Western offensive. France was finished off in six weeks, but in this huge space one can hold on and on. If we had had a crisis like this last one, on the old German border along the Oder-Warthe curve, Germany would have been finished. Here in the East we were able to cushion the blow. We have a battlefield here which has room for strategical operations.

JODL: Things have changed; at the time of the Roman wars Germany was space. In the Middle Ages they marched all over Germany on foot, and now in the age of tanks and planes —

HITLER: In a fast plane one can fly over the whole old Empire in 1½ hours.

JODL: While the Russian space is a space that even the airplane can't handle. One can see that in the industrial region in the Urals. We can't reach it. . . .

THE RAIDS ON HAMBURG

July 25, 1943. The starting time of this conference is not indicated in the manuscript; it ended at 2.12 P.M.

PARTICIPANTS: *Hitler, Buhle, Christian, Darges, Hewel, Jodl, Junge, Keitel, von Puttkamer, Warlimont, Zeitzler.*

This record is fragmentary. The beginning is missing. The immediate cause of the discussion was the series of Allied air raids on Hamburg, which had started the night before. This extended attack commenced the saturation raids on German cities which continued until the end of the war.

HITLER: I have already told you, when we discussed this a few days ago, that terror can only be broken by terror. One has to counterattack, everything else is nonsense. In my opinion all this mining is worthless; it gives no lift to our people and it doesn't affect those people over there either. Maybe

you think it has a psychological effect on the German people if the enemy has losses through mines. It doesn't impress them a bit. There is no use now in talking about enemy ships being sunk. It is quite a different business when in one night, in Hamburg, a hundred thousand people have to be evacuated and shipyards are destroyed. That's a much greater loss. We can't act irresponsibly any longer. In my opinion we should use our planes for attacking them directly, especially since they are putting so many planes into the air.

CHRISTIAN: My Führer, that is just why we have come to the conclusion that it is of no use to make a terror raid on a small town with 50 planes; that makes no impression at all. Instead one has to use those 50 planes to achieve an indirect result, so that they have to divide their forces and can't come with 500 planes at once. In my opinion this is the only way.

HITLER: I don't think that you can do that. We've reached the point where we have to be glad if our men even find London. Today they tell me, "We hope to find London all right." That's a damned shame, and I'm going to tell the same thing to the Reichsmarschall; and I'm not going to mince words. . . .

There follows a brief exchange about the possibility of attacking English airfields. Hitler denies the usefulness of such operation.

Terror can only be broken by terror. That they attack airfields moves me little. But if they smash our cities in the Ruhr— And the enemy is so sensitive. A few bombs with the new explosive, and those people were terrified. "The Germans have new weapons." I don't know why everyone wants to handle them with kid gloves. We can only stop this business if we get at the people over there. Otherwise our own people will gradually go crazy. Eventually the time will come when our people will lose all confidence in the Air Force. It is almost partly gone anyway. You can't just tell them: "We've dropped mines over there." If they appear over Hamburg, it doesn't matter if they have 400 to 500, or only 200 or 300 planes. But we are handling them with kid gloves. It is going to work only if we attack their cities systematically. But all the time I am told things like "We couldn't find that place" or "We don't have enough planes"; but then it turns out we do have enough to do something else. The next time I am told, "That would have no effect. We must use mines." Then I'm told, "That anti-aircraft was too strong"; on the other hand I'm told, "The anti-aircraft has no effect at all." The usual excuse I hear is "We can't find it." You can't find London! A God-damned shame! And now some ass tells me, "My Führer,

when they fly from England to Dortmund, their new radar enables them to make a direct hit on a building 500 meters wide and 250 meters long." Complete ass! But we can't find London, which has a diameter of 50 kilometers and is 150 kilometers from the coast. Don't think I'm saying this just to you; I told the others the same thing. It's not your fault; you're just my adjutant. I'm going to tell the responsible officers too.

CHRISTIAN: I'm still of the opinion that we just don't have the 400 to 500 planes available needed to affect the enemy to the same degree.

HITLER: That's not true.

CHRISTIAN: Our planes can't carry that much.

HITLER: But the enemy has to fly further. We only have to fly one fifth as far as they do. To get to Hamburg they have to fly 600 kilometers, or even more.

JUNGE: At least 800.

HITLER: Mostly over the sea. We have only a short distance from our starting fields, so that should balance it. If we use the high-powered bomb, it will have a great effect. The important thing is to make them feel something. . . .

CHRISTIAN: On days when the enemy is making raids, he can't use his night fighters.

HITLER: Fine. Instead of monkeying around, let's attack, get ready here, and pick out a target — it doesn't matter what target. We can't go on this way. Eventually the German people will go nuts. When I hear that we have committed 50 hit-and-run bombers, so and so many mine-laying planes, or have attacked an airfield somewhere or other, then I consider that a poor joke. That is avoiding the only effective method. Terror can only be broken by terror, and in no other way. . . . But the decisive thing is that the English will stop only if their cities are knocked out, and for no other reason. These other measures might delay them for a night, but they won't stop unless their cities are knocked out. That's clear. I can only win the war if I destroy more of the enemy's than he destroys of ours; by teaching him the terrors of war. That's always been the way, and it's the same thing with regard to air war. . . . Do we have a report about how many aircraft losses the enemy admits, what he has to say about Hamburg? . . .

DARGES: The English report that they have dropped 2000 tons of bombs, and that 12 of their bombers are missing.

HITLER: I want to know the exact points at which these 12 [*sic*] were shot down.

CHRISTIAN: Yes, but that takes longer now because we don't allocate any gas for that. They just send people out with bicycles.

HITLER: That has to be done, or else you won't be able to make a report. You'll have to send them out with bicycles.

(To be continued)



The Schuman Plan is the boldest, most hopeful proposal for Franco-German coöperation that has been made since 1870. But on what business philosophy shall the plan be developed? Will it follow the cartel controls which were repugnant to us in Germany? Will it protect the competition and enterprise to which we and the Benelux nations are accustomed but of which the British Labor Party disapproves? These questions are vital to American industry. They are here presented by CLARENCE B. RANDALL, who served as Steel Consultant to ECA in Paris in 1948 and who in April, 1949, became the President of Inland Steel after twenty-four years in its service.

A STEEL MAN LOOKS AT THE SCHUMAN PLAN

by CLARENCE B. RANDALL

I

SO MANY mad things have happened in this troubled world in recent months that the Schuman Plan for pooling the steel and coal industries of Western Europe has been shoved to one side by the weary minds and hearts of the American people. It was on May 9 that the French Cabinet made its courageous and revolutionary proposal that a new authority be established, transcending national boundaries, to control the production of coal and steel of all countries in Europe that might wish to join.

I am torn between admiration and anxiety when I reflect on this proposal. I happened to be on the Continent renewing friendships with the steel leaders of France and Luxemburg on the 9th of May, so that I actually saw this diplomatic bomb explode. Since then I have followed each new development with the keenest interest. I am not only concerned for the welfare of Europe, but I sense in the proposal much that may strike home to us in the American steel industry, and affect the whole fabric of our social and political life. Chicago is not as far from the Ruhr as some people think.

Mark you first that the French proposal was in fact no plan at all. It was merely a gleam in M. Robert Schuman's eye, but a gleam so powerful that it brightened the world. Until it does become a plan, we cannot appraise it intelligently even though we applaud its author, and that is one of the things that trouble me.

Overwhelming admiration for France's distinguished Foreign Minister was the initial and universal reaction throughout Europe on that first day. Overnight M. Schuman became the first statesman in Europe, and France recaptured diplomatic leadership. It was the compelling integrity of the thing that awed people everywhere. This was no ordinary politician speaking. Here was a man big enough to

rise not only above party but above nationalism, and in the name of peace invite his ancient enemy to the council table. Peace-loving people everywhere were stirred with new hope.

But while the man in the street cheered, governments bumbled. Only Germany struck out boldly with quick and unqualified approval. And the reason for that would not be difficult to guess. Her steelmasters chafe under the limitation of 11.1 million tons of permissible annual ingot production imposed by the Allied military control. Her plants have already exceeded that rate in some months. German leaders want that limit raised, and here, sent from Heaven, was a new forum of public opinion before which they might plead their cause.

The British coughed and sputtered and tried to be both for and against the proposal for several days until their faces were very red indeed. To cap Mr. Attlee's misery, his Labor Party chose that moment to declare to the world that it would be time enough to talk about partnership in Europe when the governments on the Continent had rationalized their basic industry, whatever that may mean, and had reached the high level of social maturity already attained in Britain. At length, as a sequel to her own ineptitude, England decided to stay out for the present. And that probably is the best possible portent for M. Schuman's success. There is fundamental disunity that cannot be resolved between the socialist regime in England, which is committed to the nationalization of basic industry, and the governments of France, Belgium, Holland, and Luxemburg, under which free enterprise thrives vigorously. Steelmakers over there are rugged individualists, as they are here. This disunity has plagued the Allied control in the Ruhr from the beginning, and its disruptive force would probably cause M. Schuman's conferences to blow apart from

the inside. Without England there may be a chance for agreement, but there would be little if she were in. Once a plan is established, however, and results that seem permanent are recognizable, it may be assumed either that Britain will come in or that she will make some side agreement with the new authority as she did with the old steel cartel.

To the extent that we are entitled to an opinion, I am sure M. Schuman will have full American support. Distilled to its essence, the Marshall Plan is simply this: we are over there to make Europe strong that America may be secure. We have gone far toward that objective under Paul Hoffman's gifted leadership. But never since General Marshall's speech launched the Marshall Plan has there been any single step that took us as far toward the desired end as this magnificent gesture from France.

2

WHY then do I say I am troubled? Why must doubts keep coming back to my mind that all is not well with the Schuman Plan? How can any thoughtful citizen fail to go all out for this inspiring act of statesmanship?

It is simply that I am a typical American free-enterpriser who believes in private ownership, private investment, and private management, one who respects the force of competition as the public's safeguard against price gouging, and one who thinks that production flows and efficiency advances under the hope of gain and the fear of loss.

Will these things survive under the Schuman Plan? Or are we at another crossroads where a false step taken now will lead all Europe ultimately into socialism? In the warm glow of the good will which France has so boldly engendered, will hearts rule heads until statesmen make commitments that cannot be fulfilled without surrendering values which we in America have sought for nearly two centuries to preserve?

When one is disquieted by such thoughts, and turns to the language of the Schuman declaration itself, he finds unhappily that none of his questions are answered. The language is broad and general, as perhaps it must always be in great state documents, and particular sentences which may have carried clear meaning to the author seem inconsistent to the reader.

On the one hand, for example, it says: "The setting-up of the high authority in no way prejudices the question of ownership of the enterprises." But on the other hand, it uses throughout the unexplained phrase "the pooling of coal and steel production." I confess that I am completely baffled as to how you pool things that are unrelated at present and still preserve their separate entities. Certainly if I were the president of a French steel company I should be disturbed to read the following: "The French government proposes that the entire

French-German production of coal and steel be placed under a joint high authority, within an organization open to the participation of other European nations." If the production of my company should "be placed under a joint high authority," what functions would they assume, and what would be left with us? Since we now have complete freedom of action, it seems clear that whatever powers they receive must be taken from us, leaving us less free than we are at present. Shall we have to ask them for permission to make additions to our plant? If we have been smart in acquiring low-cost raw material, will they tax us to subsidize the less fortunate, as is done in England? Will they tell us what wages we must pay? Will they limit the profit we may make, as though we were a public utility?

And what about prices? How shall the world be assured that M. Schuman is not leading the European steel industry straight into the greatest cartel the world has ever seen, with agreed prices, assigned quotas for production, allocation of territories, and all the familiar trappings of managed markets? Businessmen on the other side of the Atlantic lean that way rather readily, and would not offer the same resistance to that sort of program that we would here in the United States.

Moreover, the methods of selling steel which prevail on the other side, and which seem so strange to us, form a perfect background for the development of a cartel. In France, for example, all selling is done through the *Comptoir des Produits Sidérurgiques*. This is a particularly close and restrictive organization which holds steel consumers completely at its mercy. The buyer when he places an order does not know by what mill it will be filled. The *Comptoir* decides that, and the power thus created brings automatically the support of prices and the allocating of tonnages.

Governments have done little to upset these practices. They accept them as natural. A politician who demanded vigorous competition might find that he had threatened the existence of an inefficient plant upon which, nevertheless, a community depended for employment.

And politicians whose constituencies touch the German border have a further reason for shutting their eyes to the evils of an international cartel. Germany's potential for either war or peacetime competition is still feared by her neighbors, and they would feel more comfortable if her prices and her costs were equalized with theirs. As lovers of freedom these apprehensive industrialists would resent having to get a certificate of necessity from the authority before they could build a new blast furnace, but they might not be hard to persuade that manipulated prices handled under what they would hope would be friendly supervision would be the least of all of the evils. In fact, the circumstances are so favorable to the formation of a new and powerful cartel that in my opinion it can be

avoided only by the most vigorous and positive action. And so far there is little evidence that such measures will be devised.

Here again M. Schuman's proposal leaves one unhappy. True he says at one point that the new authority will be "unlike an international cartel, whose purpose is to divide up and exploit national markets through restrictive practices," but at another he says that the transitional period will require "the institution of a mechanism for equalizing prices." Nowhere is there a positive declaration in favor of vigorous competition and the play of those forces that keep American industry tough, strong, and modern.

This is the special point of danger for the steel industry in the United States. Europe west of the iron curtain has 50 million tons of ingot capacity, just half what we have. But if that 50 million should be controlled by five men sitting around a table in Brussels, they will dominate world markets and set the price for every ton of steel bought by a consumer anywhere in any country on the globe. I doubt if anyone here wants that to happen.

But what to do about it? First of all, can or should the United States have any part in these discussions? The plan was M. Schuman's idea, not ours. He regards it as his show, and we have all along urged Europe to work out her own problems in her own way. That was why the Organization for European Economic Coöperation was organized. We have not attached conditions to our dollars in terms of social policy, knowing full well that our position would become intolerable overnight if we did. We might hope that our opinion would be asked, but if it were not, what could we do about it?

And if we were asked, who would answer in our behalf? Would it be the State Department or the ECA? Steel production in Europe is almost adequate now, and modernization must be gradual from here on. On the other hand, when you talk about European unity and the partial delegation of sovereignty to a new international agency, it is certainly political. Fortunately, this is no particular problem, for the State Department and Paul Hoffman's men are working smoothly together.

But whether or not we belong at the conference table, I suspect that in the long run it will be impossible for us to stay away. When our present administration finds time to think about it, it will find itself in a quandary. After all the dollars that we have poured into rehabilitating the European steel industry, wouldn't the White House find it pretty embarrassing to acquiesce over there in practices which the Attorney General would jail us for at home? Can they permit price agreements there and prohibit them here?

Clearly not, and the remedy is fairly obvious. The basic document by which the authority is to govern must impose the proper safeguards in explicit terms. Private ownership, private invest-

ment, and private management must be protected in clear language, monopolistic practices must be forbidden, and a positive obligation must be created to enforce competition.

M. Schuman avoided these problems at the outset by saying that France had no program to impose on Europe, and that all he had asked was that men of good will should gather promptly in Paris, there to ask and there to answer these and other questions. Representatives of Germany, the Benelux nations, and Italy are now in Paris. Meetings have been going forward steadily, but attention has centered on the political questions raised by the proposal for partial surrender of sovereignty to the authority, through which its orders could be carried out without reference back to the respective parliaments. There seems to be a consensus that protective checks and balances must be attached to this phase of the proposal, and that has not been easy to accomplish to the satisfaction of all concerned.

As complexities developed, it came tacitly to be accepted that these other problems would be postponed, possibly even referred to the authority itself for solution. That, of course, would be fatal. No such vital considerations should be left to the accident of the social viewpoint of the men chosen to constitute the new board. If the first men were honest and wise, their successors might be pliable and mediocre. No, these questions need to be settled, and settled now.

I recognize, however, that I am in business and not in government. If I were at a desk in Washington or Paris, instead of in Chicago, I might feel differently. For example, here is a point of view that might be urged. It might be said that it is all very well to take a strong free-enterprise line when dealing with Americans, but that these are Europeans. Their ways are not our ways. They lean on each other and on government far more readily than we do. Steel has been made over there far longer than over here, and their traditions are as old as some of their plants. Would it be wise to jeopardize the whole noble ideal and possibly defeat the economic unity which is so urgently required by pounding the table and demanding that they do it our way? Might it not be better to roll with the punch, and to compromise a bit here and there, if by so doing we could advance our principal objective?

Frankly, I do not share that point of view, but I can understand that it could be held by reasonable and patriotic men in our government service.

Personally, I would make no compromises that would be at variance with the best traditions in American industry, or the fabric of our American laws dealing with monopolistic practices. And I would further safeguard these principles by making sure that if we do go to the Schuman conference table, we place these critical negotiations in our behalf in the hands of men who themselves believe in and understand free enterprise.



An Atlantic Story



Born on Long Island in 1917, and educated at Groton, Yale, and the University of Virginia Law School, LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS enjoys all the activities of a New York lawyer and still manages to reserve time for his steady writing. His first novel, *The Indifferent Children*, was published in 1947, and his second is now in progress. His long short story, "Maud," won an Atlantic "First" Award in 1949.

FINISH, GOOD LADY

by LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

"Finish, Good Lady, the bright day is done
And we are for the dark."

OH, I know all about you, Miss Delaney!" Mrs. Codman declared in her high voice. "You were with old Mrs. Lord. And before that with my cousin, Angeline Trevor. You taught school once at Miss Higby's! And you even once wrote a book. On the girlhood of Queen Victoria. You see, I have my dossier." She shook a little memorandum pad in a tortoise-shell case.

I confess that I was surprised and flattered. The mention of my poor forgotten little book had the effect of completely unsettling me. If you were an old maid who had to touch up her hair to look young enough to get a job as an old lady's companion, and if you had traveled by bus all the way from New York to Anchor Harbor, Maine, on the strength of a telegram from a complete stranger, you would know how gratifying such things could be. "Fancy your knowing all that!" I exclaimed.

"Well, you see I don't like to get just *anyone* for Mama," she said quickly. "It's shocking to me how my friends and contemporaries neglect their parents. They seem to think, don't they, that if the poor old things have a drive in the park in the morning and a nap in the afternoon, they should be satisfied? But I am not like that. I *live* for my mother, Miss Delaney."

I watched her carefully as she told me this. She was a tall, bony, handsome woman with a very powdered face and long brown hair drawn straight back over her head and exploding, at the back of her neck, in a huge cluster of tiny curls. I knew that she must be fifty-five, but she did not look it, any

more than she looked any age. Her eyes moved back and forth without settling on me, and her hands, long and white like her face, fluttered vaguely at her sides. She seemed, with the exoticism of her Chinese robe and the elaborate affectation of her smile, to be trying to conceal her bigness and her strength. Yet her sentiments were commendable. There was no doubt of that.

"One should certainly look after one's parents," I said approvingly. "Too many people, as you say, forget."

"Well, if we're agreed on that, Miss Delaney," she answered me brightly, "I think we must really be agreed on everything."

When I left the vast living room, so desperately eighteenth century, crowded with porcelain figures of ladies curtsying and little gilt chairs, I went out on the terrace that overlooked the pine trees and the sparkling Maine ocean to breathe in the golden air. I was not at all sure that Mrs. Codman and I would be agreed on everything, and my prosaic nature was already troubled by the sense of unreality with which the air was so charged, but beggars, after all, are in no position to be choosers. I *had* the job, and it was for the job that I had come.

I had been engaged for the rest of the season as a companion to Mrs. Lorne, Mrs. Codman's octogenarian mother. The great house of stone and shingle belonged, it appeared, to the old lady, and she and her daughter spent the summers of their widowhood in it together, waited on by eight maids in an atmosphere of stately and unrelieved femininity. The only representative of a third generation was Mrs. Codman's married daughter,

Nora Jones, a taciturn, diffident young woman who lived with her three small children in what had once been a gardener's cottage near the big house.

Mrs. Codman never seemed to take any particular interest in Nora; her preoccupation was entirely with Mrs. Lorne, whom she looked after with an assiduousness that considerably lessened my own duties. She took me out on the porch, on the morning after my arrival, to present me to her mother. Mrs. Lorne was sitting in a wicker chair, her shoulders hunched together, her head lowered and her gnarled, jeweled hands clasping a walking stick that was resting against her knees. Her face was long, oval, and rather grim; her cheeks and eyelids drooped in a semblance of repose. She made me think of an old lizard basking in the sun; only the frivolity of the red and yellow flowers on her hat, so absurdly out of key with the rest of the picture, gave any evidence of her inner sense of union with Anchor Harbor.

"Mama, dearest, this is Miss Delaney," Mrs. Codman began loudly, leaning down and putting an arm around her mother's shoulders. "You remember that I told you about Miss Delaney, don't you? She's come to read to you and be *such* a friend."

Mrs. Lorne gave me a brief, inhospitable look. "I hope she's better than that Slater woman, anyway," she said with the irresponsible rudeness that I had come to know so well in the old. "She was always reading me things I didn't want to hear. And mumbling, too. Do you remember how she mumbled, Alix? Like an old frog."

Mrs. Codman smiled her mannered smile and put her head affectionately close to her mother's. "Oh, Miss Delaney won't mumble, darling," she assured her. "She's a literary lady. She's even published a book. A whole book."

The old lady grunted. "As long as she doesn't read it to me," she retorted.

"Oh, she won't," her daughter again assured her. "Now we'll just see. Right away. Miss Delaney, would you mind reading Mama a column from the *Anchor Bulletin*? I have it here. Suppose you read us the social column? That would be so nice." And she handed the paper to me, folded open at the article in question.

I put on my pince-nez, cleared my throat, and started off in a rather nervous voice: "The younger fry were all agog last night at the soup and salmon supper that Archie Kriendl gave on board his new motor launch. *Peg-o'-My-Heart*."

I read on down the column, giving as cheerful an emphasis as I could to each note of its sterile gaiety. I assumed, of course, that it was only a test piece that had been chosen at random from the paper. I was surprised, therefore, to find, each time I looked up at them, that Mrs. Lorne and her daughter were following the reading with a scrupu-

lous attention. As I continued on down through the seemingly endless list of dinners and cocktail parties that went to make up a single day of Anchor Harbor's gay round, I had an odd feeling that the old lady was coming to life. She nodded or shook her head; she murmured indistinguishable little side remarks, throaty with approval, and once or twice she even laughed aloud with a cackling enthusiasm. When I came, with some embarrassment, to a reference to herself as the "grand old lady" of the peninsula, she nodded vigorously several times and cried, "How very sweet!"

"That *was* dear of them," Mrs. Codman agreed. "And Miss Delaney reads quite charmingly, don't you think?"

"Oh, quite. Yes, quite."

"I think that will do for now, don't you, Mama?"

"I do, my dear."

I handed back the newspaper to Mrs. Codman and went once more to the terrace to see if the ocean was still there.

2

So, at any rate, my duties began. The days were routine and monotonous, but a person in my work has to be prepared for that. Every morning after breakfast I went upstairs to Mrs. Lorne's sitting room to read her the morning gossip column. When I had finished this I read any other social columns in any other newspapers or magazines that might have arrived. On Sundays I had to read her the "cottage directory" of the summer colony, which appeared once a week, revised to embrace new arrivals and departures. It took nearly an hour to read through it, but Mrs. Lorne could not bear to have a line skipped and sometimes wanted whole sections read to her over and over again. At noon we went to the swimming club, where Mrs. Lorne sat at an umbrella table on the lawn by the pool and drank a cocktail, while her daughter roved in quest of people to bring over to speak to her. After lunch she rested before her drive with Mrs. Codman along the ocean road. On these drives I always occupied the folding seat and spoke only when Mrs. Codman, whose manners, though artificial, were very good, asked me a question. In the evening the old lady and her daughter either went out for dinner or entertained at home, while I had my supper in quiet upstairs in my room.

I had hoped, at first, despite the difference in our ages, to establish a friendship with Nora Jones, Mrs. Codman's daughter, who did not seem to share her mother's or grandmother's tastes. She gave me, however, little encouragement. Physically Nora resembled her grandmother; she was a tall, thin, rather charmless creature, with bobbed hair and hostile eyes that peered over the portcullis

of her embattled personality, ready to pour hot pitch on the first unwelcome intruder. She spent most of her time looking after the children and rarely went out at night even when I volunteered to act as a sitter. She seemed, indeed, to scorn those who dined out.

"Everything in Anchor Harbor is a prelude to the evening," she explained to me once. "Life begins at eight. Your job is to be a sort of masseuse to Granny so she'll be able to sit up at the dinner table and talk right, talk left."

"Wouldn't Mrs. Lorne be happier," I remonstrated, "if she spent some of her evenings quietly at home?"

Nora gave a little snort. "Do you want to kill her?" she demanded.

It was extraordinary to me that a lady as old and as outwardly grim as Mrs. Lorne could take such an intense interest in the social life of the community. I had imagined that a face so wrinkled and austere might be the sign of thoughts grave and philosophic, yet her mind, far from turning to the gates of a heaven so imminently to be opened, seemed to dwell exclusively on the doors of her neighbors that opened nightly at eight. She had, of course, always, during a long life, dined and been dined, and it was possible that what may have been an occupation incidental to larger things had become, in her later years, an end in itself, a sort of pattern in the continuance of which she found a refuge from senility. Or it may have been senility itself. I could not tell. But what was totally inexplicable to me was Mrs. Codman's seemingly passionate desire to satisfy, at every turn, her mother's peculiar tastes.

Every night the two of them, one in black velvet with a pearl choker, and the younger in billowing taffeta and gauze veils, got into the old black town car that was drawn up under the stone portecochere and sped off to their evening meal. When they stayed at home it was only to repay their obligations, and I used to watch from my window as the dark limousines rolled down the driveway to discharge their elderly cargo. The front hall on these occasions, filled with canes and wheel chairs, reminded me of the vestibule of the cathedral at Lourdes, which I had seen when traveling with Mrs. Trevor. Indeed, it was a curious world.

I felt this particularly one morning at the club when I was sitting, as usual, with Mrs. Lorne at an umbrella table as she sipped her noon Martini. This was always a difficult time. The old lady regarded it as a social hour, a receiving time, but, unfortunately, many people who were perfectly willing to dine at her house, where the food and wine were good and the company, from their point of view, congenial, eschewed her table at the club, where pleasanter groups were to be found on almost any part of the broad lawn by the pool.

On the morning I have mentioned, Mrs. Codman

must have been unable to find a single recruit, for she had come back to the table alone and had sat down between me and her mother and was leaning forward, her elbows on the table, making conversation as smoothly and deliberately as if she had been acting as hostess at one of her larger and more difficult dinners. The "social hour," apparently, was sacred, even with just the family present, and I could not help a certain grudging admiration for so granite a will power. Nora was sitting on the grass by our table watching her children as they splashed in the pool.

Mrs. Lorne and Mrs. Codman were discussing a camp further inland that they were thinking of buying to get away, from time to time, from the gaiety of the summer colony. The old lady seemed particularly enthusiastic. "There'll be one big cabin," she was saying excitedly, "and a lot of little ones. I think there'll even be one for Miss Delaney, won't there, Alix?"

"Of course there will, Mama, dear. We couldn't go without Miss Delaney."

"And we'll be able to give picnics," Mrs. Lorne continued. "And have a canoe full of men with fiddles!"

"It'll be such a wonderful place for Mama to rest," Mrs. Codman said, looking at me with her same smile and her wide inscrutable eyes, as if it were to be taken for granted that I, too, cared.

Nora turned unexpectedly from her children.

"And when the life in the woods gets too hectic," she said sharply, "I suppose there'll be camps beyond the camps? Why not? It's a way of spending money, isn't it?"

Mrs. Codman looked calmly back at her daughter without answering. There was just the slightest lift of her eyebrows to indicate that she was in any way ruffled. Then she spied a possible candidate for the table, an old gentleman in tight, yellowing flannels who was hurrying across the flagstones, his eyes carefully averted from our group, and she was up and over the grass in pursuit.

"Spending money?" the old lady exclaimed. "Who's talking about spending money?" She sounded agitated. "It's my money, isn't it? I can afford it, can't I?"

Nora was again watching her children in the pool. "You're the judge, Gran," she said quietly. "If you are the judge."

Mrs. Lorne looked down at her granddaughter vindictively. "If you wish to talk with me, Nora, I think you might have the ordinary politeness to get off the grass and sit at my table," she snapped. "Your generation is turning into a bunch of nursemaids. And bad nursemaids, too," she added.

I was dismayed at such petulance, even in a woman of her years. I turned to poor Nora, to reassure her with a wink or a smile of sympathy, only to be surprised in turn at the expression on her face. She was staring at the old lady with eyes

that fairly glittered. "If I'm turning into a nurse, Gran," she said in a clear, ominous tone, "perhaps you can tell me whose fault it is?"

"You have a husband, haven't you?" Mrs. Lorne demanded fretfully. "Can't he support you? Has he failed?"

Nora's lips moved into the semblance of a smile. "Yes," she said coolly. "He's failed. Does that satisfy you, Gran?" There was a sudden tenseness in her tone. "Am I sufficiently humbled now? Am I enough of a beggar for you?"

Mrs. Lorne did not answer. She reached for her half-empty glass, but her hand trembled so that she knocked it over, and its contents spilled over the table and onto her dress. In the midst of the confusion Mrs. Codman reappeared. Without a word she dropped to her knees on the grass and started to dab at her mother's dress with her handkerchief.

"She wants me to die, that daughter of yours, Alix," Mrs. Lorne babbled in her high, querulous voice. "She wants to cut me up into little pieces and feed me to those ravenous brats of hers!"

"There, there, dear," Mrs. Codman murmured soothingly; "she's simply young and selfish. We're going home now. Come, Mama." She helped the old lady up. As they were going off, however, she turned to Nora and hissed at her in a fierce voice too low for the old lady to catch: "I can't leave Mama alone for a second, but this happens. Will you *never* give up?"

I stared after them in amazement. I do not suppose that I had ever witnessed a scene so peculiarly distressing to my own ordered sense of how things should be. I turned doubtfully back to Nora. "You mustn't mind what the old lady says," I said soothingly. "She doesn't mean a word of it. She loves you in her heart, Mrs. Jones," I continued. "She often talks to me about you."

Nora placed her calm, suspicious eyes upon me and smiled. "Oh, Miss Delaney," she reproved me. "Your immortal soul!"

3

I THOUGHT about this scene a good deal during the next few days. It had a lingering effect in my mind that seemed too strong even for its ugliness. It was not so much, I decided, the lack of feeling between Nora and her grandmother that disturbed me. I had lived long enough with the old to accept as a regrettable but obvious fact that their descendants, particularly those of a more remote degree, often regard their continued existence with an impatience concealed only by caution. What bothered me, therefore, much more, was Mrs. Codman's unhesitating adoption of her mother's point of view as opposed to her daughter's. Nora might not have been an ingratiating young woman, but there was a certain integrity in her plainness

of manner and speech that appealed to me. In an atmosphere of abounding luxury she appeared to have no part. She dressed simply and acted, as her grandmother had so harshly put it, like a nursemaid.

All during the long sermon in the little church on the following Sunday, as I sat behind the old lady and Mrs. Codman, I reflected on the latter's preoccupation with the older generation. Was it good? Or hopelessly bad? Was it natural? Or was it so abnormal as to be responsible for all of the strange atmosphere in Mrs. Lorne's house; was it like Lear's abdication, as I used to teach the girls at Miss Higby's, an act that outraged nature and produced the inevitable tragedy of the play? It seemed significant that the minister had taken for his text that morning the fifth commandment.

A few nights later, when there was a conference of Episcopal ministers in Anchor Harbor, Mrs. Codman actually found herself in need of an extra woman for one of her dinners, and I was obliged to attend. I sat in silence during the meal while my elderly dinner companions talked to the more engaging ladies on their other sides and I speculated on the waste, in a single Anchor Harbor summer, that went into this liturgical round of meals. Afterwards I was alone, away from the other ladies, when Nora came and sat beside me.

"How are you enjoying yourself, Miss Delaney?" she asked in her faintly sarcastic tone. "Does it grow on you? They tell me it can."

I shook my head firmly, and she smiled.

"I guess you're safe," she said. "For a little while."

I was bursting to protest at the whole scheme of life, and this seemed to be my invitation. "Will you tell me something, Mrs. Jones?" I asked, somewhat abashed at my own nerve. "Why do you stay here? You can't like it, can you?"

She looked at me with a detached, amused air. I felt that she was sizing me up. Not so much to see if I was worthy of her revelation as to anticipate my reaction to it. "It's very simple," she said. "I have no money."

I gaped. "Not any?"

"Not a red cent," she said casually. "Gran's got it all. She's sitting on the pile. Like an old dragon."

I was shocked. "You shouldn't speak so disrespectfully about your grandmother," I reproached her, trying vainly to re-establish some of the thirty-year difference between us. "When she passes on, she'll leave you your proper share of her estate."

For the first time in our acquaintance I heard Nora laugh. "Fenella, you're priceless!" she exclaimed, using my Christian name with a bold indifference that was doubly impertinent. "I'd like to keep you in a jar."

"What do you mean?" I demanded indignantly.

"I'll let you in on a secret," she continued in the

same mocking tone. "This turkey that you've been eating. This moderately good champagne that you're drinking. The servants around us. You, yourself, my friend. *That's* my share."

I stared at her. "You mean," I said, lowering my voice, "that your grandmother is living . . . beyond her means?"

"Beyond her means!" she exclaimed. "Beyond her ends!"

Most of my employers in the past had believed that it was wicked to spend principal. I suppose I must have unconsciously adopted their attitude, for I was appalled.

"But *why*?" I exclaimed. "Why does she do it?"

"You don't think she knows about it, do you?" she came back at me. "Why, she'd die at the very idea! No, it's my mother. Darling Mummie. She ladles it out for her, right and left. We romp through the remaining securities. It's quite a romp, too, Fenella." She looked about the vast room. "You'll have to concede that."

I shuddered and looked around at Mrs. Codman. She was talking with great animation to the lady on her right; her eyes were moving back and forth and her white, bare shoulders up and down. Mrs. Lorne, at the opposite end of the room, was leaning way forwards toward her neighbor and shaking her old white head. I could hear the uncomprehending cackle of her laugh.

"You mean your mother's spending *all* of Mrs. Lorne's money?" I demanded. "But what will she do when it's used up?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "What will it matter? She'll have done her duty. She won't, you see, have let Gran down."

"Let her down?"

"It's Mummie's mania," Nora explained, "that people owe that to their parents. She wants Gran to live splendidly. To the end."

I clenched my fists. "You must go to your grandmother!" I exclaimed. "You must tell her the whole thing!"

Nora smiled. "You don't see it, Miss Delaney," she said. "You don't see our situation at all. Gran would never believe me. You ought to have seen by now what I count for in this house."

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat under her steady, compelling stare. She surrounded me with doors that seemed to bang in my face. Yet she gave me, at the same time, a feeling that something was expected of me.

"It can't be any fun for you," I said weakly.

"Fun? With children to educate?"

I clasped my hands together. "I'll speak to her!" I cried.

"To whom?"

"To your mother."

"To Mother!" she exclaimed.

"To Mrs. Lorne then."

She looked at me, I thought, with the same savage contempt that she had shown to her grandmother at the pool. It was as if all the contempt that she felt for Anchor Harbor had suddenly been focused on a single person. And that person, for no greater apparent reason than proximity, had to be me.

"Do you think she'd believe *you*?" she demanded with an acid bitterness. "Her paid companion? A person who's employed to please her? Who even dyes her hair to look young for her?"

Instinctively I clasped my hands to my head. "It's not dyed!" I cried. Never had I been so humiliated. "It may be touched up a bit, here and there. I admit it. And you shouldn't speak that way to your elders, Nora Jones! You have no business to!"

But Nora only shrugged her shoulders and got up to move away. For a moment I sat there alone, staring in indignation at her stiff back as she crossed the room. Then, quite suddenly, I relaxed. I even managed a little giggle at the audacity of her candor and at myself for thinking that I fooled people with my silly hair. She was so pathetic, this unbending, proud creature, with her neglected children. One had no business to look for sympathy in her tormented soul. One could only try to help. It may have been absurd for a grizzled old companion like myself, hardened by years of intimate association with the senile, to presume to be of assistance to anyone as young and aristocratic as Nora, but who else was there? It seemed a shame for no one to strike a blow, however inadequate, in her defense. Perhaps I was an old fool, a frustrated mother, anything you will, but few had been the households in which a young matron had been willing, at her mother's dinner party, to turn her attention to me, in front of all the more important friends, and call me impudently by my Christian name.

4

As might have been expected, I watched Mrs. Codman and Mrs. Lorne, in the ensuing days, with a more observant eye. I took a housekeeper's note of the daily profusion of flowers in the dark front hall, the shining white-walled tires on the ancient town cars, the ever twirling sprinklers on the closely cropped lawn that surrounded the house. I saw all and counted all, but what could a creature like myself accomplish? There was no way, directly or indirectly, in which I could limit the flow of the household extravagance. Once I suggested to Mrs. Codman, when she had summoned me to her room to discuss the plan of the day, that her mother was going out too much. She swung around immediately from the big triple mirror on her dressing table.

"The doctors say it keeps her young," she retorted. "They say it's the best thing in the world

for her. I suppose you know more than the doctors, Miss Delaney."

"It's no way for a lady her age to be living," I said with a courage that I hadn't known before.

She got up and walked rapidly back and forth, kicking at the skirt of her dressing gown as she turned. "I have not employed you, my dear Miss Delaney," she said sharply, "for your social advice." Under the powder was the countenance of a little girl, unjustly accused and passionately defensive.

After this altercation I was more than ever in a quandary. I was sure that I had to do with a woman who was, at least temporarily, in a highly neurotic state; it was obvious that normal arguments would carry little weight with her. There seemed to be nothing to do but appeal to the old lady herself, and this seemed a precarious solution. I did not know whether or not she would understand the issues involved or what she would be able to do about them if she did. But then, what could I lose? My job. I thought of Nora stalking the streets looking for a job. Of her little son shining shoes. I think I must have become slightly irrational in my preoccupation. And then one day at the swimming club I heard something that steeled me to my desperate alternative. Mrs. Codman told me, at the umbrella table during the "social hour," that she had decided definitely to buy the camp for her mother. A camp in the woods, twenty miles inland, by a lake. Three large cabins. A hundred acres.

Nora came upon me later, sitting there alone. "You look worried, Fenella," she said, with her usual smile. "As if you'd seen a ghost."

"They're actually going to buy that camp!" I cried.

"Of course. Gran wants to be an eagle scout."

"Mrs. Jones! This can't go on!"

"Can't it, Fenella?" She raised her eyebrows. "Can't it really?"

I rebelled at her suavity, at the sunlit air. I gazed up over the umbrella tables and the shingle roof of the clubhouse at the unreal silhouettes of the distant mountains, cut like backdrops in a children's theater against the blue sky. Life, after all, was not like the Shakespeare tragedies that I had taught at Miss Higby's. There *were* things that could be done, and if no one else would do them, well, then, it was up to the companion.

The next morning, when I went upstairs for my reading hour with Mrs. Lorne, I did not bring the newspaper. I arrived a few minutes early in the sitting room that connected her bedroom with her daughter's, and the old lady's door was still closed. I stood there for a moment, breathing hard, until I had got up the courage to go to the boule desk with the spindly, curved legs where Mrs. Codman wrote her letters, and pull open, one after the other, the little drawers into which I had seen her,

during her daily "business" hour, sticking the residue of her scantily examined mail.

My inner predictions, alas, were more than justified. The drawers were stuffed to the very brim with papers that had been carelessly folded or crumpled and jammed in there, obviously over a long period of time. As my nervous fingers poked about, the contents fairly exploded over the monogrammed elegance of the blotter folder into my lap and onto the floor: bills, bills without limit or classification, stuffed away out of sight and out of mind, letters from law firms and telegrams, warning and agitated, from family friends and advisers. It seemed to me, as I glanced rapidly through this angry mass of paper protest, as though all the outraged feelings of the commercial world, whose rules of prudence and economy Mrs. Codman was so grossly violating, had finally erupted from their long confinement to overwhelm us. I may have been tense with excitement, but I was no longer afraid when I heard Mrs. Lorne's door open, nor did I move from my place at the desk.

"What are you doing at my daughter's desk?" I heard the old lady ask sharply. "You know you have no business there." I turned around as she came closer, and saw the sudden amazement on her features. "Why, you've been messing it up!" She gave an incredulous gasp. "You must have taken leave of your senses!"

I summoned all my courage for the test. "I know I've done a terrible thing, Mrs. Lorne," I said as calmly as I could; "and I'm quite aware that you will probably wish to discharge me on the spot. But will you please, for your own sake as well as your family's, look at the papers on this desk? I'm not saying anything about what's in them. I'm only asking you to look at them. Before you buy your new camp!"

She leaned on her cane with both hands and looked at me narrowly. Her stupefaction seemed almost to have turned into curiosity. "Are you implying," she demanded, "that I can't afford it?"

"I'm only implying, Mrs. Lorne," I said, quailing, despite everything, at the sense which she gave me of my own impertinence, "that you should make a check."

There was a silence. Then she seemed to recover her old imperiousness. "It seems to me that for a companion, Miss Delaney," she said in a biting tone, "you're singularly nosy."

I nodded dumbly.

"And now," she continued in the same tone, "will you be good enough to leave this room? If you're *quite* through at Mrs. Codman's desk?"

I turned instinctively to repair some of the mess that I had left there.

"No, leave that!" she said sharply.

I turned again to face her; I pulled myself up defiantly for my final exit, but as I did so I realized suddenly what it was I was seeing in her eyes. It

was fear; indeed it was panic. I was so taken aback that for a long moment I felt the full intensity of her communicated anxiety. Because she *knew*. Of course, she knew! It was as if she were imploring me desperately to deny what I had seen, as if she believed, in some odd, senile fashion, that as long as nobody, even her daughter, knew that she knew, it did not have to be true, but if I knew, a stranger, a bleak, alien wind through the air of Anchor Harbor, then her blue sky and her blue sea would roll up and crumple like the papers on the desk and on the floor. I hovered there, appalled. I was as afraid now as she.

"Get out!" she cried in a sudden fit of temper. "I told you to get out, you meddling fool!"

I heard her voice still after me as I hurried down the corridor to my own room. Inside I fell on my knees by the bed with my head in my hands, too panic-stricken to think. I have no idea how long a time had passed, a half hour or an hour, when I heard a knock at my door and went to open it. It was Nora with an odd little smile on her face. "Have you heard about Gran?" she asked. I shook my head quickly. "She's had another of her strokes. She was sitting at Mummie's desk, of all places, and she'd made the most terrible mess of all her papers. I can't imagine why. She can't see enough to read."

I leaned against the door and gave a little groan. Nora was still smiling. "Didn't I tell you," she said, shaking her head in mock reproach, "that you could do nothing?"

"Oh, Mrs. Jones," I murmured in a sick voice.

"Don't take it to heart, Fenella," she said casually. "The old girl's always having strokes. Maybe one of these days it'll be the real McCoy. While it's still worth while. If you know what I mean."

I stared at her in horror. "You devil!" I cried.

For the second time that summer I heard Nora laugh. "My dear Miss Delaney," she protested, "your emotions, I'm afraid, are beyond me. If there's a devil in this house, are you so very sure it's me?"

5

It turned out that Mrs. Lorne's stroke was a bad one indeed, but she lingered in a state of semi-consciousness. There was no further need for my services, and despite Mrs. Codman's kind protests I insisted upon getting out of the way. I left the house and its atmosphere of hush and trained nurses early one morning, without saying good-bye to anyone. I could not, however, return to New York. I took a room in the village and called every morning at the house for news. I never ventured beyond the huge, dark antlered front hall where Mary, the waitress, gave me the daily bulletin. It was always the same: Mrs. Lorne was still unconscious, and the doctors said the end might come

any time. I do not know how I lived through those days and nights and the seething tumult of my thoughts.

One afternoon when Mary opened the wide white door I saw Mrs. Codman behind her, in the middle of the hall. Before Mary could speak I heard Mrs. Codman call to me. "Oh, it's you, Miss Delaney! Do come in."

I faltered on the doorstep and murmured an inquiry about her mother. "No, it's all right, come in." And she came over and took me by the arm. "I wanted to talk to you, Miss Delaney. Mama passed on this morning." She led me through the hall and the darkened living room to the den, talking all the while in the same high, seemingly inappropriate tone. "It's all over, you see, at last. She went very quietly at the end, just as we all would have wished. She never recovered consciousness."

We sat down on the sofa, and I fumbled in my old bag for a handkerchief. My head was spinning, and there were tears in my eyes. Mrs. Codman, however, was very calm, very calm and dry-eyed. "I know how fond Mama was of you," she continued, "and I want to thank you for your helpfulness this summer. You must come one day and select a piece of china as a keepsake." Unruffled, poised, deliberate, she seemed even further from reality than before.

"I was no help," I said in a shaky voice, rubbing my nose with the handkerchief. "You did everything for your mother, Mrs. Codman. You were a wonderful daughter."

"I?" She shook her head gently. "I wasn't wonderful at all. I loved my mother, Miss Delaney. It's as simple as that." She ran her hands over the folds of her long afternoon dress, smoothing it down on the cushions. "Very few people love their mothers when they're my age, you know. But that, you see, is the love that God gave me to feel. And I must confess that God has His ways of working out His purpose. We had been living, I must confess to you, extravagantly. Very soon I should have had to tell poor Mama. We should have had to sell things. It would have been quite terrible for her. Now, on the contrary, everything is as it should be. In some ways, Miss Delaney, you might say it was beautiful."

She looked up in surprise as I stifled a sob, and I pressed my handkerchief desperately against my lips. She interpreted this, of course, as the expression of my grief for her mother, as indeed in a way it was, and she leaned over to lay a sympathetic hand upon mine. I could say nothing, and I sat there stupidly while she tried to console me. She might as well, poor woman, have spared her pains, for I knew now how little beauty there was to be for me, in the haunted years that gaped ahead, in having been, however briefly, the unwitting agent of *her* God.



POEMS

by ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

THE EAGLE

My eyes are veiled and so are yours;
The film upon the eagle's eye
Is not more alien to discourse,
And yet that bird knows how to fly
And dares a dangerous reach of sky
On wings imperial and free
That now but hugs the branch as I
Look not at you nor you at me.

THE TIGER

Love stalks me on a lonely road:
I hear the cracking of the bough
And peer, and nothing see, but know
His eyes are looking at me now.

I wear each day these pearls of sweat
And do not dare to call or run.
The forest is as still as death;
The silence glitters with the sun.

Is there no traveler in this place,
No voice to break the dread design?
Blindly I walk the dust and feel
His shadow almost mix with mine.

And I shall never reach the town.
My will and I will surely part.
In jungle grass I shall fall down
And let the tiger eat my heart.

THE MOLE

ONLY the mole, with faith intact,
Strains at no future in the ground,
Follows his nose for certainty,
And gains an inch without a sound.

There is no need for any noise,
Show me no sapphire-pointed plan;
Two motions are, whose laws must be
To go ahead but as they can.

Be safely blind to heights unknown:
Know only that the world is wide;
Poetry and love must risk the way,
Keeping the earth against their side.

Atlantic Portrait

In the fifth volume of his autobiography, which is to be published this month under the title Noble Essences, SIR OSBERT SITWELL has drawn for us the portraits of artists and authors, for the most part men older than himself, who were his friends as he entered literature just after the First World War. The group included such bright spirits as Lytton Strachey, Arnold Bennett, Wilfred Owen, Ronald Firbank, Ada Leverson, Max Beerbohm, and that remarkable painter, Richard Sickert.

WALTER RICHARD SICKERT

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

I

IT WAS an evening at the end of April, 1918. I had just returned to London from finishing some kind of military course near by. During the three weeks that it had lasted I had seen no intelligent person. I was lodged in the house of a suburban family, and I remember that one of the rooms, commodious but suffocatingly full of small objects, contained a desk at which my hostess kindly allowed me to write letters. On it stood a large calendar, in which almost every day of every week had been marked off and annotated, in the most sable of mourning inks, as the anniversary of some family catastrophe. Sometimes a note of censure was implicit in the tone of the entry — in, for instance, “This morning, thirty years ago, Uncle Arthur’s long course of unfortunate practices incurred their melancholy but inevitable culmination”; at others, comment was merely simple and moving — as in “Today, twenty-four years have passed since Mama found her Maker.” But this calendar was the sole object to exhale any originality: all else seemed stale. Yet, perhaps it was those very surroundings that had put it into my head to wire to my brother and ask him to invite Walter Richard Sickert to dinner the night I was returning to London: I knew I could make nothing of this house, and Sickert was assuredly the only person who could have extracted out of it a work of art, able as he was to take the heavy Sunday boredom of the suburbs, and by some magic of hand and eye transmute it into beauty, thus recording it, transfigured and yet true, for as long as pictures endure. . . . All this monotony, however, made my return home, a few minutes before dinner, seem more delightful.

Swan Walk, Chelsea, was a quiet and leafy backwater, with all its buildings on the eastern side. Some of the houses, of sooty, yellow brick, had been erected in the eighteenth century, but the house in which my brother and I were living — and the atmosphere of which, Sickert used to insist, was summed up in Gray’s famous line: —

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm —

was a rather tall modern house, which looked over the wall of the Physic Garden and afforded, beyond it to the south, a view of the river.

As I approached, I saw a tall, bearded man standing in the road. He stood in the middle of this silent and empty road, looking through the archway in the wall, with its iron gate, into the large, green area of the Physic Garden, its strips of lawn varied with early flowering magnolias and other shrubs, and with old mulberry trees, as yet hardly in leaf. Out of all these things the sun was weaving a thousand intricate and living designs, and it shone, too, full upon the face of the stranger, showing it in detail against a background of sooty brick. He did not see me; he thought himself alone; his face wore a peculiarly keen look of observation, or of comprehension, as of someone in the act of saying, “Oh, I understand!” and his eyes held a rapt and penetrating expression. His curling — or rather, waving — gray hair showed at the sides of the half tall hat of rough black felt he was wearing — and then I recognized this stranger. It was Sickert! And in a new disguise he had adopted since I had seen him a month previously. It consisted of a dark, poacher’s coat with large pockets with flaps, and a pair of shepherd’s-plaid trousers. Under his arm he carried a square parcel done up in brown paper. The fan-shaped beard spread out over his stiff single collar and bow tie, and it perhaps made the finely cut face, with its concavities, unusual at his age, seem broader than it was. It blurred, too, a little the boldness of the features, but nothing could obscure the cool keenness of the gray-blue eyes, full of light, or the acuteness of the whole head, which constituted part of its invariable handsomeness.

Suddenly he saw me approaching, gave a charming, friendly smile, and at once began to sing a verse of a comic song that he knew amused me. It was, he had told me, a song that was said to have been pop-

ular with ex-soldiers after the Crimean War, when talk of starting a new conflict filled the air, and it certainly expressed my own views about the current dispute.

If you'll excuse me [it ran]
We've 'ad some!

There he stood, in the middle of the empty road, in the sunlight of a spring evening, most carefully rendering the words, deliberately, as if it were a matter of importance, and converting his whole appearance into a box, as it were, for the production of this song.

This is the likeness of Sickert that comes back to me at the moment, though in the two or three preceding years since our first meeting I had been given, goodness knows, the opportunity to achieve a dozen true and striking portraits of the different persons contained in the same man. He was protean; I had seen Sickert as he was, the great artistkerneled in the shell of the strikingly good-looking man-of-the-world, armed with a wit that few could emulate and none surpass, conscious of his powers and able to hold his own in any society (doubtless anyone who, when young, had come under Whistler's influence would have learned both the ways of the world and how to treat them, and certainly Sickert possessed the perfect man-of-the-world's way of rendering to Caesar not only the things that are — or were — Caesar's, but something extra, though perhaps the indefinable and evasive mockery of the artist underlay the whole of this attitude, if one looked closer); I had seen Sickert the good host and kind friend to the young; Sickert the *lion comique*, as Max Beerbohm has shown him, bawling out the comic songs of the seventies and eighties; Sickert the painter, too deeply absorbed to allow his personality to star for the day in any single one of its particular roles; Sickert the elegant, with the imperial; Sickert the Irvingesque actor, producing effortlessly, sonorously, the great speeches from *Lear* or *Hamlet*, or quoting Latin to me, passages probably from Martial; Sickert full of common sense; Sickert full of mockery; and finally — and it was among my favorites — Sickert the chef, in the white clothes appropriate to the day's trade. Yet none of the aspects he offered in this fashion were without a genuine foundation in his character: he could cook, for example, surprisingly well, this being the result of the interest he took in food, an interest often reflected in his writings, by a phrase or reference, and similarly present in his conversation. Thus he was wont to complain despairingly of Roger Fry: "Roger's motto is 'I don't care *what* I eat — so long as it comes out of a tin!'"

Into this culinary criticism entered, I apprehend, other reflections of large issue and of wider range; such as that a painter must not use "preserved" models, and, if he wants to paint flowers, or even fruit, must get to work on them quickly, their fra-

grance and freshness being qualities that he must snatch at, and not labor for so long to portray that they wilt or become moldy, and have to be replaced with thick counterfeit shapes cut out of cardboard or oilcloth. Again he was aware that to perceive accurately, and to work at his best, an artist must be properly nourished — this truth he had no doubt learned in France — and in several of his essays he deplores the growing adulteration of English food, and the consequent poisoning and blunting of men's senses. But then, in all things, he evinced a tremendous feeling for material; and I well remember the air of gravity and concentration with which, looking at me one day, he remarked — for I was in uniform — "You ought always to wear a good blue serge suit." And no picture of him would be complete that did not include the fact that all his own clothes were, if you noticed, extremely good of their kind, whatever the nature of the particular role he might favor for the day or the week.

2

IN the years in which I saw most of him, though perhaps he was a little neglected at that time by the professional mobs engaged in adapting for the English market the latest Paris modes, Sickert's studio was apt to be thronged, for the young writers of my generation, and many of the painters, revered him; and after us, similarly, the next generation, more especially of painters, such as those composing the Euston Road Group. The later heirs of the English School regarded him as the man who had safeguarded their inheritance, and who, by the virtuosity of his brush, no less than by the choice for it of his subjects, which he never failed to discover in the life round him, had enabled the native tradition to continue.

The veins of ore he revealed were indeed rich. He had, from the first, adopted a rigid policy of following the truth, in whatever direction it might lead him. Alone of his contemporaries in this country, he had recognized, first that it was essential for the artist to unearth and expose the current and active beauty of the contemporary world, to find it in the soiled faces, in the shabby clothes, in the infinite variety of the drab and ordinary, and not merely to decorate life, as his first master, Whistler, had been content to do; secondly, to *paint it*, as well as to record it. Where portraits were concerned, he preferred to paint the people of the dustbin rather than the pearl-fettered lay figures and images, embalmed and enameled, of the drawing room. His subjects might have been found by Hogarth: to them he brought the contemporary richness of French art, grafting it onto the rougher stock, without in the least impairing the ingenuousness or other special qualities of the English School. As themes for his pictures, he took the very flesh and bone of humanity, and subjects trite, often, rather than pictur-

esque. He despised no appeal to sentiment in the titles he chose for them, and it was plain that his eye and hand caught fire from his heart.

The mastery of paint, by which he was able to show a new beauty in the unbeautiful, he attained — and was only able to attain — because it was based on sound drawing. He continually recalled Degas's example and admonishment in this respect. Nor did he ever tire of emphasizing that the word for *artist* in Greek meant *joiner* in the first place, and nothing more. And his citation of this, in its turn, throws a certain light on his love of squaring-up his drawings.

To transfer a drawing to canvas, the custom of an artist is to rule the drawing into squares of equal size, next to cover the canvas with precisely the same number of squares as the drawing, but smaller or larger, as the case may be, and then to copy into each square on the canvas the portion of the drawing contained in the corresponding square. This practice is particularly useful to the painter, because it gives him the precise angle and intersection of a line, where it enters and crosses a square. Where the painting was larger than the drawing, Sickert used, further, often to cut out the little square from the drawing, so as to be able to place it in the larger square of the painting, and thus to be able to measure more accurately still. In time, he came to prefer the look of a drawing that had been squared up, and I have heard him maintain that the process greatly improved the look of any good drawing. In the paintings founded on the drawings, however, all the squares are completely resolved, as in the best carpentry. . . . And, indeed, Sickert was right: the true, the original significance of the Greek word *artist* should be remembered where any art is concerned. To take the writing of prose alone, the joining of paragraph to paragraph, and of meaning to meaning, the transition from one to another, the elision of the unnecessary and elimination of the redundant, and finally, a proper respect for material and purpose, and an absolute control, I take to be its very essence.

As for the principles of painting, he disliked any softness of line and displayed an especial hatred for the nebulous and vague, for muzziness and blur. . . . Some of the opinions which he expressed in this respect, and in others, curiously resembled those of William Blake, an artist for whom he felt no particular love, and of whose writings on this matter I believe him to have been ignorant. Thus Blake, in *A Descriptive Catalogue*, writes: "The great and golden rule of art, as well as of life, is this: that the more distinct, sharp and wirey the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art, and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation, plagiarism and bungling." They agreed, too, about copying from nature, for in his *Public Address* Blake says: "No Man of Sense ever supposes that copying from Nature is the Art of Paint-

ing. If Art is no more than this, it is no better than any other Manual Labour: anybody may do it, and the fool will often do it best as it is a work of no Mind." And Sickert often expressed the same view.

3

THE studio which Sickert occupied in Fitzroy Street had once been Whistler's, and arriving there constituted, for the novice, a rather intimidating ordeal, as well as a memorable experience. Two factors joined, I believe, to render it alarming; the first was the narrow, angular corridors and staircases that led to it — or rather into it — and were unlike anything with which I was acquainted. These long passages composed of glass and dingy painted tin, clamped to the sides of the house, suggested, I can see now, a faint prophetic vision of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and other forgotten Ufa masterpieces, as well as something of an Amusement Park, as it is called, of switchbacks and zigzags and scenic railways, for the staircases mounted and descended unexpectedly, and the final flight seemed to leap forward into the studio itself. The second of the factors that inspired fright was the size of the crowd into which those last steep steps threw — or tripped — you: for Sickert was most hospitable, and always invited to his weekly tea parties a great number of people, especially young artists and students from the schools at which he taught. The studio, however, was friendly as well as large and impressive. Indeed, large and impressive studios were part of the code he recommended, for their own prosperity, to all artists.

"My advice to a young painter who wants to get on is 'Take a large studio! If you can't afford to take one, take two!'"

He did not feel, as some artists have felt, a need either for stimulants or sedatives to excite or lull his creative gifts: he was compact of energy, slave-driven though an artist always is. Even his art did not exhaust his vital forces. It left him a margin, and plenty of it: hence the jokes, the quips, the seriousness, the fun, the acting, the singing, the snatches of old music-hall songs and even of hymn tunes, the disguises, the beards, the dancing, the declaiming, all those things, so characteristic of him, that persons who did not comprehend the nature and force of this great painter might stigmatize as posing or clowning, but which were, in reality, merely a way of using up that superfluous energy with which he was so fortunately endowed.

Much has been made by some writers of the fact that acting was Sickert's first profession. The painter encouraged this view of himself; he liked to remind his friends of his days in the theater, and to talk of Irving — in whose company he had played, as a very young man, various small parts — and of other famous actors. But when Sickert emphasized a special point, it was always well for anyone, novice

or initiate, to be on his guard, and though his first trade had left its relics in his personality, though there may have been histrionic traits every now and then in, for example, the choice of titles for his canvases, or again, in the typical use in various of his essays of some such phrase as "the prompt-side of the picture," nevertheless to me it seems more important to remember that, with all its lure, and in spite of an undoubted gift for it, Sickert abandoned the stage for painting, and to recall instead the brief but multitudinous hours of a long life, absorbed as they were by the powers and processes of pictorial creation.

It may be that he altered his personal style thus, so often, from sheer love of variety, because he began to like a square beard more than a pointed, in the same way that he altered his signature, suddenly convinced that Richard was a much more pleasing name than Walter, that there was thus reason in being Richard, and none in being Walter; it may have been due to the opinion he held, and upon which I have heard him insist, "that an artist should be allowed every kind of fun, including the fun of growing old," or it may be that these quick changes served an altogether more serious purpose and helped to promote his painting.

4

THE air of the studio was impregnated with the smell of coffee. Sunlight lay in pools on the floor, and Sickert would move about, talking, now going to take in the bread — just arrived from the shop round the corner, incidentally one of the best bakers in London — now to receive the morning papers, or to keep an eye on whatever it might be that was cooking on the large stove. Great painters are proverbially able to divine the most tremendous patterns in accidental stains, and Sickert carried it further, and could distinguish marvels of composition in a second-rate picture. Perhaps he had bought this the day before in some shop behind Fitzroy Street, and now, between the newspapers and the toast, he would sit down and gaze at it for a moment, silent with wonder. With his very conscious intelligence, he must have himself recognized the existence of this characteristic, for in one of his essays he wrote: —

To the really creative painter . . . the work of other men is mainly nourishment, to assist him in his own creation. . . . That is one reason why the laity is wise to approach the criticism of art by an artist with the profoundest mistrust. . . .

So it was, then, that he would contemplate, with a kind of calculating rapture, some flower piece, a small panel of roses, it may have been, painted by a French artist of the 1850s. After a time he would explain its merits, its *real* merits; for, since he put them there, they were real enough, though perhaps

absent in this particular piece. Manet, he would remark, though not the greatest of painters, as English people now tried to make out, *had* known how to paint roses: that he had known, at least — but this obscure and forgotten artist knew it better! You could see that they had been brushed in rapidly, during the half hour or so in which the blooms were fresh, and before they had changed to something else.

At other times it would be a cartoon that had caught his fancy. He had cut it out of a newspaper and pinned it up on the wall, and now extolled it. There, if you *liked* drawing, was *drawing* for you; real drawing by a man who, since he had been compelled to turn out something expressively comic every day — every single day, mind you — for many years, had by this time been obliged to find out a little about his job. Or it might be a Rowlandson color print he had discovered. Or, on one occasion, even, the chosen cynosure had proved to be four particularly atrocious Indian color prints — so I call them, though it is impossible to imagine what evil technical process can have been responsible for these seven-armed goddesses, with inflated multiple limbs and naked except for the miters they were wearing on their heads, who pirouetted ungracefully on lotuses, while they displayed their Cambridge-blue charms and handed objects of an equivocal nature to elephants smaller than themselves and colored like blush roses. . . . For a day or two Sickert was fascinated by these, but then, tiring of them, he caused them to be framed, and brought them round to Swan Walk. Indeed, they had composed that brown paper parcel which we saw under his arm as he stood in the sunlight of that spring evening, and he had given them to my brother and myself, with the words, "These may help you to keep straight in your ideals of female beauty."

Other guests would begin now to arrive, and, tearing himself away from the Haselden drawing out of the *Daily Mirror*, or from whatever might constitute the particular favorite of the moment, he would go to greet them. Often I would meet at these breakfast parties Nina Hamnett, Álvaro Guevara, W. H. Davies, and Aldous Huxley. . . . Our host would make us sit down at the table, and would hurry round with breakfast, a plate with an egg on it for each of us. Owing to the amount of cooking, serving, and pouring out that he was forced to do, he had not always at this hour so much leisure for conversation as his guests would have liked. His talk resembled most good talk in that it contained in its web certain invariable strands, certain immutable monuments that could be invoked for purposes of reference, allusion, comparison, and simile, and that also supplied him with an established standard. The Tichborne Case and the mystery of Jack the Ripper constituted two such monuments.

The first, which had come into the headlines when Sickert was a boy of eleven, had always maintained its interest for him; a special interest, due to the fact that he believed the rejected claimant, who had come back out of the sea, to have been the rightful heir. . . . As for the second, apart from the intrinsic and abiding horror of that extraordinary series of crimes, it interested him because he thought he knew the identity of the murderer.

Sickert would talk more often, however, of beings of another, though scarcely of a less exceptional, kind; of Whistler, Degas, Charles Keene, of Toulouse-Lautrec and the curious manifestations of the inferiority complex produced by his dwarfish stature, of Beardsley and Wilde. . . . Wilde he appeared not to have liked greatly, or considered particularly witty, though he admitted that he provided an unusually warm and generous audience for others.

Sickert would speak, too, of Frank Harris and his portentous absurdity. Thus I recollect his telling us of a supper party at the Savoy in the nineties at which he had been present. It had been arranged, he became aware as soon as he sat down, so that Harris should be able to impress a Scottish millionaire from whom he wanted to borrow money. But his intended victim was singularly hardheaded, tightfisted and tongue-tied. The silences were long. In one of them Harris boomed out — and he possessed a voice which could easily reach to the further corners of the restaurant — “But what would *Goethe* say?” Whereat, roused by a name so familiar, the people at most of the tables had stood on their chairs, in order to look dotingly at Miss Gertie Millar, who was sitting with some friends not so far away, for they were naturally under the illusion that Harris must be referring to her.

Or he would tell us of George Moore — whom he did not care to see very often in later days — and of his abiding ingenuousness. Thus, once Moore had sent for him in the small hours, insisting that the matter was of importance. When Sickert arrived, wondering what it could be, Moore had stood up and announced, with that particular rhythm of voice unforgettable to those who knew him, “I have just been reading a book on Michelangelo, and it *a*-ppears that he carved the David out of a piece of marble that had been improperly quarried. Now *I* could no more have carved the David out of a piece of marble that had been improperly quarried than *I* could have flown.” . . . And on another occasion, after receiving a similar urgent nocturnal summons, he found that Moore had been reduced almost to the verge of tears by the bewildering difficulty of the problem, recurrent through that day — and, indeed, through the whole of his preceding lifetime: how to keep his pants in place. . . . Sickert had been obliged to explain it to him at great length. . . . “If, Moore, you look at the top of *your* pants, you’ll find two loops of tape on each

side, and if you thread the two tabs of your braces through them, your troubles will be at an end.” . . . Delighted, dumfounded, too, by the ingenuity of the solution, he had replied, “But you are an *a*-mazing man, my dear Sickert, to discover such a thing.”

Sometimes, again, Sickert would talk of the London of his youth, telling me of my grandfather Londesborough’s horses, of his coaches and carriages, which had been especially fine, for — in this resembling so many English artists before him — Sickert possessed a keen eye for horseflesh and a smart turnout. And usually, in all that he said, there was an element of the unexpected, both in phrasing and in opinion. . . . Let me try to give an instance of, at any rate, the last.

In the spring of 1919, it had been planned to hold an exhibition in London of etchings by Félicien Rops. The Customs House officials, however, having opened a parcel containing them, had pronounced them obscene, and had ordered them to be destroyed. This caused an uproar among art lovers. Everyone, in studios and galleries and museums, rose up in arms about it — a great artist like Rops to be treated in such a way! Questions were to be asked in Parliament, and there was talk of a deputation to the Prime Minister. . . . One morning, when I went to breakfast with Sickert, and arrived there a moment or two later than usual, I found him already discussing the matter with some of his guests. He appeared to be genuinely pleased at the action of the officials, and enthusiastic in his praise of them.

“They ought to make the Customs House into the Ministry of Fine Arts,” he was saying. “Here Rops has deceived all the critics for years into thinking him a great artist. But you can’t monkey about with the Customs House! You can’t take *them* in! They saw through it in a minute, and said, ‘That’s not *Art*: that’s *PORNOGRAPHY*!’ — and they’re quite right. . . . But nobody before them had had the wits or the courage to say it! . . . I wish one of them could be given Konody’s job on the *Observer*. . . . I daresay the postman — there he is, by the way! — would do just as well. *Common sense*, that’s the thing. . . . You can’t better common sense, whether it’s politics or business or art!”

He always seemed to be in good spirits in the morning, but breakfast was passing quickly, the big bowls of coffee were empty, and the guests began to leave. Sickert got up to escort Davies to the front door, fearing that the wooden stump that served the poet as a leg might give him trouble in mounting or descending the steep stairs. He watched him dipping slowly away down the long street, a large bundle of etchings his generous host had just given him held under his arm. . . . Sickert seemed to have enjoyed himself, but no doubt he was glad to settle down to work, to shut his own door and know that he need not — and would not — open it.

"The Twist"

Playwright, author, and critic, GILBERT SELDES, who made a hit with his early book *The Seven Lively Arts*, and again with his play

Lysistrata, published in the *Atlantic* in 1937 a farsighted article entitled "The 'Errors' of Television." That article led to his being appointed director of television programs for CBS, and he was identified with that network and the development of television until 1945. The article which follows is drawn from his new book, *The Great Audience*, which is to be published by Viking Press this month.

CAN HOLLYWOOD TAKE OVER TELEVISION?

by GILBERT SELDES

1

IT IS not for aesthetic reasons, but for plain profit, that the managers of television should be searching out its prime qualities. They must continue to use it as a transmitter of anything that can be brought before the cameras to entertain people, just as they must continue to show whatever movies are made available; but in the long run a medium of entertainment succeeds by using its particular techniques, by doing what it can do better than any other medium can. The movies proved this when they began to tell their stories not as photographed plays but as something totally new, and radio proved it when it developed its own mixture of vaudeville and personality-shows into the basic comedy pattern, when it struck off into fresh fields and created the daytime serial entirely as radio. The essential nature of television is obscured by the apparently limitless number of things it can do. What is expedient at the moment is useful only because it keeps television forging ahead and gives time for the medium to grow. What is expedient now is, however, fatal if it forces television to grow out of its natural shape.

Radio first imposed its patterns on television, and recently Hollywood has begun to exert its influence. Producers, eager for the accolade of the critics, have already accepted certain cinematic techniques, as, for instance, in the tempo of shifting from one camera to another. The almost undetected rhythm of the movies which appeals to the pulse of the spectator, while the eye and ear are held by images and sound, is created by cutting, by the shifts from one angle to another, the insertion of a close-up, the duration of one shot relative to the duration of those that came before and those that follow; and it happens that this ground swell has become standardized in Hollywood so that the rhythm of nearly all pictures — comedy, melodrama, or tragedy — is virtually the same. The public has been conditioned to choppy cutting, and if a shot is held beyond 30 seconds the picture seems

odd; foreign pictures, in a different tempo of cutting, seem slow-moving. There is no proof that the Hollywood tempo of cutting is right for telling a dramatic story in the medium of television; and the kind of stories Hollywood tells may not be the kind that television can tell most effectively.

The alert Mr. Goldwyn has discussed in the magazine section of the *New York Times* the changes the movies must make in themselves if they are to be good television fare. The movies, he said, must go in for a broader style of acting because the subtle and delicate points now brought out on the screen would be lost on the small home receiver. It will not do to inquire what these subtleties are, and it might be noted that a spectator sitting within five feet of a 16-inch television screen sees as much as one in the far reaches of a balcony at a big Broadway picture-house. The argument reverses the truth; Mr. Goldwyn is like Mayor La Guardia: when he makes a mistake, it's a beaut. The style of acting in television is determined by the conditions of reception; there is simply no place for the florid gesture, the overprojection of emotion, the exaggeration of voice or grimace or movement, inside the average American living room. The television camera is merciless in detecting fraudulent appeals; in a play or a quiz show or a bit of vaudeville, the individual who presses and fakes is instantly shown up. And even an audience fed for years on synthetic and substitute emotions can spot the imposture at close range.

The style of television acting (it could as well be called the level of self-presentation) is determined by a unique capacity of the entire system, from camera through control room to the receiver in the home: the capacity to transmit and deliver a rounded human character more completely than either radio or the movies. This is the source of its special power; this is what it must exploit to become totally successful. It is not what the movies attempt to do. What the movies do to a novel of

character is well known; Mr. Goldwyn suggests that if movies are to be transmitted into the home, they must pay much more attention to "plot structure." It is apparently sound advice; it implies that the family group watching television needs to be kept interested. (Mr. Goldwyn's explanation is also illuminating: at the movies, he says, the patron will sit through a dull part of the feature because it is too much trouble to go out — he waits until the picture becomes interesting again; at home he has only to turn a switch and he escapes boredom. The implication is that the movies hold their audiences in a trap; I cannot accept it.)

In practice, plot development for the movies is fatally involved with the concept of "the twist." In the language of the studios a story is good, but it needs a twist. What's wanted is some novelty of plot, some new "angle." To make *The Front Page* over with a girl named Hildy Johnson as the reporter instead of a man by the same name is a twist of sorts; to reverse *Monsieur Beaucaire* and have a barber pretending to be a nobleman is even better. In virtually every case the word is accurate and descriptive because, to accomplish what is desired, either the plot or the character is twisted out of shape; it is not always serious because the material is made and meant to be twisted.

The five pictures which collected the important Academy Awards in 1947 were *Gentleman's Agreement*, *A Double Life*, *The Farmer's Daughter*, *Miracle on 34th Street*, and *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer*, not one of which is either important or contemptible; in every one the twist is palpable. In the course of making even a respectable and faithful adaptation of a novel or play, the twist may appear at intervals: a new character appears or a minor character is changed so that a bit of comedy or an additional charge of excitement is injected; in important deviations from the theme and atmosphere of an original, the twist supplies the motives for violence, for sensation, for the murder and the chase and the jury trial. These elements of thrill, which keep the movie audience reasonably satisfied, must now be multiplied; we must have no quiet moments, because the spectator of television isn't trapped by people sitting next to him; he can get up and leave — he has only to change to another channel.

That television drama needs careful plotting is true enough; but if we get the twist as standard, if it spreads beyond the mystery drama in which it is natural, television will not only be distorted, it will be stunted. For, going back to its power to convey the fullness and the truth of human beings, it possesses an endless source of material for the drama that rises out of the relation and the conflict of character — a source so natural that everyone must respond to it. The plot that develops naturally and logically from character needs no artifice of twisting, because human beings are unpredictable,

and it will keep the audience of television contented because "people are interested in people" — perhaps even more than in plots.

The character in a movie which is planned for an hour and a half of sensation appears in the trappings of luxury and presents a confused figure, half character and half personality, the product of publicity as much as of the imagination. To project this image, to keep it constantly in motion that attracts the eye, all sorts of twists may be necessary. The drama on television is carried into the home, where the whole fabrication of glamour and personality is out of place because these are public attributes and television is fundamentally private. There is sensation enough, but it is of a different kind; it is that "shock of recognition" that comes to us when we encounter our fellow beings in moments of stress and revelation, when they are being frankly and completely themselves.

That is the atmosphere in which television lives; within its incomparable mechanical illusion, it is incomparably the conveyer of truth. No high degree of sophistication is needed to spot and discard what is false, but perhaps some innocence of the spirit is needed; perhaps the audience for whom television is being prepared has been so steeped in the corruptions of movie-fiction that it will, for some time to come, accept base metal for genuine. But if the creators of television in the East do not fall under the movie spell, if they keep flowing across the little screen something that is natural and true, the audience will at least have a standard of comparison. And — more pressing at this moment — the radio managers who now have their investment jeopardized will be creating a kind of television that will fend off the incursions of Hollywood, a television they can afford to produce over many years, until the movies reluctantly learn that their twisted plots and thrills for adolescents will not capture the great audience at home any more than they captured and held the adult audiences in the movie theaters.

2

NINE TENTHS of what one sees in television today is aimed at the drifting movie audience. But even within that limitation, the extraordinary power of the medium asserts itself. The programs that have impressed people (outside of sports and special events and Hopalong Cassidy) have again and again been triumphs of character. I have noted that all the serials based on the radio formula of artificial characters in unbelievable adventures have failed while pure character-comedy has succeeded with *The Goldbergs*, *Mama*, and their imitators. With no admiration for the techniques of Milton Berle, I perceive his attraction, because in his way he presents the unvarnished, the aggressively brash truth about one human being, himself, subordinating to it

the other elements of entertainment his vaudeville should supply. It took longer for a milder and more intricate personality to arrive, but Dave Garroway illustrates the same golden rule: that what a person is counts inordinately. The puppets in *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* are characters, and all the ingenuity of rival groups cannot shake the special hold on the audience of these character-puppets.

Even the extravagances of the personality program, the exploitation of handsome women with a lot of friends who "drop in," testify to the essential soundness of building programs around what people are, more than around what they do.

The dramatic series, particularly on CBS and NBC, vary from good television to feeble imitations of the movies, but the best individual programs, those approaching closest to what television can accomplish, have been consistently well received; and, at the other extreme, those commercial announcements which have tried manfully to catch the accent of true character have also been successful. It is too early to make assumptions about popular taste, but the significant minimum of hope remains — good television has not been driven out by bad.

I repeat that this is important to the managers of the business because their situation is serious. They have already lowered the standards of radio broadcasting perceptibly, and the temptation to do anything that makes money in television is understandable. It is gratifying that those programs which rise above the expected level have held their own, because a persistent loyal adherence to sound principles now will give television a chance to develop normally, not merely as a supplanter of radio but as a going concern, a genuinely popular entertainment.

The public interest is greater still. Television can drain off all that is popular in both radio and the movies, the trivial and the important all at the same time. If it becomes the medium for mass entertainment only, as that is now conceived, radio and the movies may survive as substantial elements, radio living on its daytime and other special services, the movies attracting the vast audience that mass television will not permanently hold.

The danger is that neither of the older entertainments will survive a long period of reorientation, that radio will become insignificant and the movies will become feeders for television. If this happens before television itself discovers the range and diversity of an art that is both popular and democratic, the effect will be disastrous. All the pressure is in that direction, and the good omen I have emphasized — that interesting and experimental work in television has captured both sponsors and public approval — is in itself not enough. Some form of public counterpressure is needed. It is justifiable because of the dual nature of television, its function as a means of communication and its function as a medium of entertainment. In radio, enter-

tainment has invaded communications. The early Winchell combined both functions — his "feuds" with Ben Bernie and his gossip were important elements in his popularity; the Hollywood gossips with their guests still straddle both fields; the egregious John B. Kennedy, who makes cheap jokes about world affairs, is the worst of the metropolitan instances.

That television news and analysis may drop even lower in the scale has been foreseen. In a sober memorandum Edward R. Murrow has looked into the possibility that a man with a face and voice and personality peculiarly suited to the medium of television may become a national sensation without competence to assay the news and with no sense of responsibility to the audience. The abuse of confidence by bearing false witness will be all the more serious if the channels of information become limited, as they will if radio dies out and television remains expensive. The pull toward the truth will, however, be powerful, for the nature of television itself favors a certain honesty.

The sense of existing in the present which distinguishes radio from the movies is even more strongly felt in television. This, we feel, is happening now, it is the real thing, it is the truth. On that quick, instinctive response from the audience, a good director in television will base his entire style, the rhythm of movement, the frequency of close-up shots, the intensity of facial expression, the level of the projection for the voice; on it the sponsor will build his advertising, the balancing of adjectives and proof, the incidence of slogans, the substitution of the handshake for the hammer blow of radio. Nothing essential is foreign to this concept of television; so long as we feel that we are in the presence of something truly created, we shall accept fantasy as soon as we accept fact; we shall understand *Macbeth* and *Private Lives* and *Alice in Wonderland*. We need these characters presented boldly, with emphasis, without counterfeit emotions.

The golden opportunity of television is in the hands of the people as much as it is in the hands of the producers of programs. For every hour the individual citizen gives to television, the producers owe him diversion, entertainment, enlightenment. Only the individual can decide whether he is being sufficiently repaid for the time he gives.

In television the arts of entertainment and communication both reach their highest point; for all practical purposes, presentation is complete: we have sight and sound and immediacy; color is coming, and three-dimensional presence is not impossible. In a staggered and illogical way, we have approached a sort of Platonic ideal of communication. And the probability that this undreamed-of technically perfectible instrument should be put to the service of base and mean purposes is enough to make us question everything we have done in the past to make the popular arts serve the people.



An Irish author and poet long resident in Dublin, an ex-Senator of the Irish Free State, an intimate of George Moore, W. B. Yeats, and James Joyce, OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY has cast his shadow in Joyce's Ulysses and shafts of his wit in many a volume of his reminiscences. He talks about Dean Swift as if he knew him, and his explanation of the Dean's somewhat odd behavior is to be found in the very human essay which follows.

DEAN SWIFT AS A HUMAN BEING

by OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

I

THE more we read the biographies of Dean Swift, the more we find ourselves confronted by a person who varies from an oddity to a monster, one who may hardly be included among "the kindly race of men." He differs uniquely from any other character in history, yet most of his biographers leave us with an enigma. There is one exception, a short pamphlet by that most distinguished of the Abbey Theatre's playwrights, Denis Johnston, who is also a trained lawyer. To him the solution of the jigsaw puzzle of Swift is due, and on his findings this essay is partly based.

Swift was born in No. 7 Hoey's Court, Dublin, in 1667, the seventh year of the reign of King Charles II. Seventy-eight years later he died in the Deanery of St. Patrick's, close by the place of his birth. He was educated in Kilkenny School, the Irish Eton of the day, and at Trinity College, Dublin.

The strange adventures of his infant years when he was kidnaped by his nurse and taken to England at the age of three, and his mother's attitude towards what appears to be a convenient kidnaping, need not concern us at the moment. We are concerned with his adult years, the best part of which were spent at Moor Park, Surrey, in England, the home of Sir William Temple.

Sir William, grandfather of the Sir William Temple of Moor Park where Swift is working, was the first of the Temples to come to Ireland. He was a classical scholar and he became the fourth Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. His son, Sir John, was Master of the Rolls in Dublin and the author of a history of the Irish Rebellion of 1641. It is important to note that Sir John was a widower for forty years. His son, Sir William of Moor Park, was a more prolific writer and it was his works that Swift edited. This Sir William, after seven years' delay on account of her family's opposition, married Dorothy Osborne, by whom he had

seven children. In later life we find him residing at Moor Park with Swift acting as his secretary; but what is more fraught with Fate, Swift was also tutor to a little girl, Esther Johnson, eight years old, who dwelt in a pretty cottage in the grounds with her mother, a Mrs. Johnson, who had been Sir William's housekeeper. Her Swift instructed with an assiduity comparable to but happily more incomplete than Abélard's towards Héloïse. He called her "Stella."

To the man of the world Sir William Temple, Ambassador to The Hague, Swift owed his knowledge of the great moiling life beyond the quiet close of Moor Park, the world of courts and of courtiers and of the struggle for preference and power. He studied for six weeks in Oxford and obtained an M.A. degree. Sir William defrayed his expenses. After being shuttled to and from Ireland, at last in London he became as influential as any man who was not a member of the Court or the government. He acted as a "lobbyist." He was the means of obtaining offices for many a friend. Never for himself. This must not be attributed to any neglect on his part for, try as far as his pride permitted, it was not his luck to be preferred. A "go-between" we would call him now; but in his day such activities were normal. In fact influence was the only way to obtaining a "job."

That he must have been somewhat overzealous even at a time when every man as a matter of course sought influence is apparent from an observation, by no means a friendly one, of Bishop Kennett, who recorded in his diary for the year 1713 the swagger of Swift when he was at the height of his influence or interference in English politics, a member of a kind of inner cabinet with Harley, Harcourt, and St. John:—

Swift came into the coffee house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the ante-

chamber before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as minister of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormonde, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull, for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my Lord Treasurer that according to his petition he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum, as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud that he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket book and wrote down several things as memoranda to do for him. . . . He instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist) who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which, he said he must have them all subscribe. "For," said he, "the author *shall* not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him."

Always bearing in mind the practices of the time in which he lived (and not unmindful of our own) there is no more blame to be attached to Swift for influencing those in power than there is to Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) for soliciting his brother in India for preferment.

After all, Swift did achieve something. In spite of the long delays of the Court he got the First Fruits remitted. The First Fruits were a tribute to the Throne of Queen Anne. Of this success he writes in that confidential diary of his which he addressed in letter form to Stella: "As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it out of an excess of pride and desire you will give me not the least merit when you talk of it." The getting may have made the gift worthless in his eyes.

This *Journal to Stella* written in his "little language" has been the subject of endless comment. He was not the only one who had recourse to the small or intimate language of a child. We find Sterne using it in his letters to his daughter. Swift may have employed it as a kind of cipher. There is no doubt that he intended Stella to keep this, his diary, for his future reading.

On reading the *Journal to Stella*, Krafft-Ebing said that Swift was "sexually anaesthetic," but we have evidence to the contrary. Here are two of his letters concerning liaisons in his youth: —

This woman, my mistress with a pox, left one daughter, Anne by name. This Anne, for it must be she, about seven years ago writ me from London to tell me she was the daughter of Betty Jones, for that was my mistress's name.

That is one on his own avowal; but

I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved myself in just the same way;

and I profess without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I have always done as a man of the world when I had no design for anything grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence. But whenever I begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think of entering the Church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch.

Here is another letter, written to a Miss Waring whom he sued vehemently and called his "Varina" after his fashion, only to be refused by her. When afterwards she confessed her willingness to marry him, what she got by way of a missive was this. After telling her that he would overlook her shortcomings in good looks and income, he proceeded: —

Have you such an inclination to my person and humour as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other without being miserable when we are neither visiting nor being visited? Can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others in the same way as I do mine?

This letter shows him most disadvantageously. Since we do not know what went to its making, judgment must be reserved; but one thing is plain and that is that no one who had any spirit could accept the position of the household drudge which was at the time apparently Swift's requirement of a wife. Contrast this with the childish tenderness of his love for Stella.

Now we come to another Esther. She is Esther Vanhomrigh, daughter of a Lord Mayor of Dublin. She herself was given the freedom of that city. We find her living with her mother in London at the time that Swift was at the height of his power. He was familiar with the family, and he used their home to change his wig and gown. Very often he dined there. Esther, soon to become "Vanessa," was an impulsive, generous, and passionate young woman. She was interested in books and was superior in intelligence to the young bloods of London who frequented the coffeehouses and the theaters. Her admiration for Swift and her flattery could not long be resisted by a heart that was hungering for admiration. She is never mentioned directly in his *Journal to Stella*.

2

I HAD been photographing a colored bust of Swift bewigged, which is set in a niche above a tavern in Werburgh Street at the corner of Hoey's Court, when I decided to lunch at the lavish Dolphin, where they serve the best lunch in Dublin. There it was my good luck to find two eminent men of letters, Denis Johnston and Lynn Doyle, the poet.

Our talk covered many aspects of the life of the Dean. "I have always regarded him as a second-rate writer," said Lynn Doyle. I could not be surprised at that because I knew well how exigent the speaker's ideas of great writing were; and I had the conflicting opinions of Swift's commentators in mind. I asked Lynn how he came to such a conclusion.

"Swift never wrote out of his subconscious" was the answer.

That I had to concede. Had not Dryden testified to it when he said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet"? Poetry, in spite of his readiness in rhyme and his multitudinous verses, was as far away from Swift as from another great Dublin intellect and master of clear prose, George Bernard Shaw. To neither of them had the vision beautiful been vouchsafed.

Denis Johnston said, "The Black Book of the King's Inns would repay anyone interested in research of the period. It has not yet been edited. In it we can see the handwriting of the Jonathan Swift who was reputedly the father of the famous Jonathan. Sometimes it is blotted and blurred. The writer was evidently drunk when he wrote. Sometimes there was no entry. He did not write at all."

I said, "This was the man on whom Sir John Temple wished his mistress, Abigail Erick, when he thought that it was time to make provision for her."

"He was about sixty-six," Denis Johnston continued, still referring to Abigail's husband. "He disappears from the picture. The entries cease in November, 1666. He died probably during the winter or in the spring of 1667. On the last day of the November following, his widow gave birth to a child — ten or eleven months later."

I thought of how long Jonathan the Elder may have been ailing before his death. I thought of the consolation his widow got when she turned for comfort to Sir John Temple, her old protector. Enough to make her the mother of his child, who was christened Jonathan to add verisimilitude.

But Vanessa was the woman of whom I wanted information. I got it. She followed Swift to Ireland in 1715 despite his earnest attempts to dissuade her. She had property in what is now Celbridge Abbey. It was called Marlay Abbey in those days. We do not have to consult Walpole, who was an enemy of Swift, to sense a liaison between the passionate, generous Vanessa and the man who bred true to the Temples. In Dublin of the scandals there was some talk of Swift's doubtful parentage. The gossips overshot the mark by suggesting that he was a son of Sir William Temple and, therefore, a half brother to Stella. The Revolution of 1689 and the Battle of the Boyne were distractions enough to keep the gossips busy with other themes. As Denis Johnston said, "A new generation had forgotten the old Master of the Rolls and con-

nected Swift with the son instead of with the father."

But the jigsaw puzzle is solved. Every piece fits in if you realize that Swift was the son of Sir John and the half brother of Sir William Temple. It makes him the uncle of little "Stella" Johnson, and not the half brother. But the relationship is enough to put marriage out of the question. The common law of England, not to mention church law, made such a relationship as marriage between an uncle and a niece incestuous.

Vanessa was living in Ireland for nine years. She could stand her equivocal position no longer. She wrote to Stella. Swift got the letter. He took horse to Marlay Abbey cold with fury. He threw her letter at Vanessa. The warm heart broke. It was the end of her and that affair.

As for Stella, the happy, the heroic, the witty, and the devoted, biographers make her out to be the victim of Swift's sexual anaesthesia. She was his niece. Once that was revealed to her all was clear. She could have chosen anyone; but to her devotion to her old tutor she made a sacrifice which has been the cause both of mystery and of scandal. Was there ever a dilemma more acute than Swift's? He could not marry Vanessa, who had claims on him sufficient to impel her to follow him to Ireland, without confessing his blood relationship with Stella, a secret not altogether his to divulge; nor could he marry Vanessa without putting Stella, if he kept the secret, in the most unjust and invidious position of a discarded mistress. Is it any wonder that Archbishop Narcissus King said mysteriously to Dr. Delaney, who had seen the Dean rush out distractedly, "You have just seen the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question"?

When did Swift know of his illegitimacy? Surely when he began to regard himself as an Englishman. The fact that he condemned Ireland is enough to make us realize that he considered himself to be of a different breed.

How are we to make him human and understandable unless we grant that he was the victim of an unrightable wrong, and that he knew it? The wrong of his birth which he never confessed worked inwardly and filled him with innate dissatisfaction. He knew the magnitude of a power that unobtrusively ruled England for two years, and he knew that he could never lay claim to an origin which could make that intellectual superiority not seem upstart, extraordinary, and impertinent. To a mind of such sensitivity as Swift's, illegitimacy was the greatest wrong that could be inflicted on him. Is it any wonder that injustice was the subject of his frenzy and his indignation? To this was added an inevitable corollary of another illegitimacy, the disabling him from marrying where his heart lay. He was sentenced to secrecy, celibacy, and, he imagined, contempt in high places.

A.M.A. *Medical care is for the people, not for the doctors, says JAMES HOWARD MEANS, M.D., and skyrocketing costs can be reduced and better service provided by private enterprise only if the American Medical Association — organized medicine — takes a more open-minded and constructive view. Dr. Means is not a socialist; for the past twenty-seven years he has been Professor of Clinical Medicine at Harvard University and Chief of the Medical Services at the Massachusetts General Hospital.*

THE DOCTORS' LOBBY

by JAMES HOWARD MEANS, M.D.

1

MEDICAL science has made enormous strides. Are the American people getting the greatest possible benefit from them? Obviously not! The majority cannot afford medical care under the prevailing fee-for-service system, and in many places adequate personnel and facilities are not available. Because of these shortcomings, a rash of medical care bills broke out in Congress. None of them was passed, and now, with a war on, they will be shelved indefinitely. If government cannot help at this juncture, it is fair to ask whether initiative can be found elsewhere, and to what extent "organized medicine" — that is to say, the American Medical Association and its state and county societies — can improve the situation.

In December, 1948, the legislative body of the A.M.A. — "House of Delegates" is its name — voted to assess all members of the Association the sum of \$25 in order to raise a "political war chest" of 3.5 million dollars to fight "socialized medicine." There was some fuzziness as to whether this assessment was to be obligatory or voluntary, although the word is hardly interpretable as "voluntary." There was, however, so much unfavorable comment, both in medical and nonmedical circles, on the expenditure of such a large sum by the doctors, apparently for the sole purpose of preserving the status quo in the matter of medical care, that the Association could not quite bring itself to enforce payment. To do so it would have had to expel an embarrassingly large number of prominent members. During the at times acrimonious debate which ensued over the assessment, the editor of the Association's journal, the voluble Dr. Morris Fishbein, came in for so much adverse criticism that in June, 1949, the trustees of the A.M.A. decided to silence him, and subsequently he retired from the editorship.

This conservative attitude of the A.M.A. is of long standing. As far back as 1932 the well-remembered Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, headed by Ray Lyman Wilbur and made up of fifty persons — leading physicians, health officers, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, social scientists, and

representatives of the public — rendered a majority report containing recommendations for voluntary prepayment plans which today look quite innocuous. They were not very different from that to which the A.M.A. is now at least giving lip service, but at that time Dr. Fishbein branded this report as "incitement to revolution," and the proposed group practice as "medical soviets." The A.M.A. does progress, but only in the wake of the steam roller of public opinion.

Directly after the elimination of Dr. Fishbein there was hope that at last the A.M.A.'s leadership had felt the force of public opinion sufficiently to adopt a more enlightened policy. The A.M.A. had lost its voice in Dr. Fishbein: it had to find another. In March, 1949, it hired the California firm of Whitaker and Baxter as "public relations counsel."

This was not the A.M.A.'s first experience with public relations counsel. In February, 1946, in what appeared to be a forward-looking mood, it engaged the public relations agency, Raymond Rich Associates, to study the Association's public relations and make recommendations for their improvement. This was done and several reforms were suggested. The House of Delegates of the A.M.A. approved the recommendations, and in September, 1946, Raymond Rich Associates were retained to carry them out. However, the trustees of the A.M.A. failed to give sufficient authority, and in June, 1947, Raymond Rich Associates, which has been described as "a firm of unquestioned standing and probity," resigned from the job, stating that their "position had become professionally untenable." At a hearing before a Subcommittee of the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare of the U.S. Senate in July, 1947, Senator J. Howard McGrath said that the reasons Raymond Rich Associates resigned "were, in effect, that the A.M.A. does not honestly represent the doctors of America, and in fact refuses to carry out their instructions." Thus passed a transient progressive mood on the part of the A.M.A. into its more usual one, of standpattism or reaction.

Whitaker and Baxter have proved to be more to the A.M.A.'s liking. This outfit had previously worked for Governor Warren — in fact ran his campaign for governor in 1944. A year later they split with him over his proposal for health legislation, and instead they were retained by the California Medical Association to defeat the measure. After a bitter fight, the measure was killed in committee.

Whitaker and Baxter got off to a fast start, and in a year have built up a propaganda campaign of truly majestic proportions, euphemistically called "education." So pleased with the results is the House of Delegates that at the annual convention held last June in San Francisco, Whitaker and Baxter's contract was renewed amidst acclamation. To support the "education" program, it was voted on December 8, 1949, to levy "dues" of \$25 on all members. In contrast to the previous assessment, payment of dues is mandatory. Members must pay by January 1, 1951, or else they will be fired from the Association. It can be safely predicted that a goodly number will refuse, and it will then be very interesting to see what happens. The Association will either have to fire these members or lose face.

The line followed to date by the Whitaker and Baxter campaign is the same old Fishbein line, which has evolved approximately as follows: down with compulsory health insurance — compulsory health insurance is socialized medicine — socialized medicine is state socialism — state socialism is eternal damnation, and so on. Recently it has been claimed that the emphasis has shifted to the positive side. Instead of merely conducting a "crusade" against socialized medicine, a "positive" promotion of voluntary health insurance will be made. In the light of history, which shows that heretofore organized medicine has opposed nearly every such effort, one is entitled to wonder just how ingenuous this change in front is.

The doctors of the land have been deluged with campaign material portraying the horrors of government medicine. They are assured that the voluntary way is the American way — whatever that means. They are importuned to spread the official gospel throughout the community via their patients to the utmost of their ability. Every doctor is invited to make a political pressure outpost of his private office! The personal physicians of politicians are being urged to put the heat on these, their patients, to vote right on medical bills. This last seems no longer necessary, as the bills are dead ducks anyway. A Washington lobby to the same end, of increasing size and cost, is being built up.

The type of campaign material which Whitaker and Baxter are circulating in ever increasing volume is insulting to the intelligence both of the doctors and the people. For the campaign emblem a mediocre Victorian painting was chosen displaying an ill child, or maybe a dead one, a frustrated doc-

tor, and a pair of despairing parents. Its selection well betokens the naïveté and obscurantism of the high command of organized medicine. Under the picture is the slogan "Keep politics out of this picture." Public places have been as thoroughly belastered with this chestnut as with the advertisements of a popular toothpaste. It is on the same level. Its appeal is purely emotional. A proper legend for this picture would be: "Keep this picture out of medicine. It has nothing to offer. This child is entitled to be in a modern hospital receiving the most up-to-date treatment that medical art and science have to offer, under a prepayment plan its parents can afford."

In connection with the propaganda campaign a book entitled *The Road Ahead*, by John T. Flynn, is being distributed widely to doctors and others. Doctors and laymen alike are urged to read it. This reactionary screed tries to show that everything which has happened during the last sixty years in Britain, and to some extent in the United States, is taking us toward socialism. The author's inherent sophistry is manifest when he claims there is no fundamental difference between British and Russian socialism. There is a stupendous difference. British socialism is democratic; in Russia, socialism is a form of absolutism. The essential of a healthy democracy is a strong two-party system. Britain has a very strong two-party system — stronger than ours. Any time the British people do not like their socialist government they can vote it out. They nearly did so at the last general election. The A.M.A., on the contrary, although it makes a great point of its democratic nature, does all it can to discourage any formation of a two-party system. What dissenters there are in its ranks, the Association does its utmost to muzzle.

2

At the June meeting of the A.M.A. in San Francisco the speaker of the House of Delegates, Dr. F. F. Borzell of Philadelphia, delivered himself as follows: "We have seen, it is true, our warfare against the forces that would destroy us progress favorably in the last year." I suppose this refers to the fate of the medical bills before Congress. "We have won many minor skirmishes and some major battles, but the enemy is not yet annihilated. The evil spirit of Fabian Socialism is still riding the stalking horse of Communism. It is becoming more and more evident that we are the spearhead of attack that, if successful, will spring the gates wide open to the hordes of statism." The public may well inquire, "What's the shooting all about? Whose medicine is it, anyway?" The enemy which Dr. Borzell identifies with "Fabian Socialism" is presumably anyone who does not uphold the A.M.A. party line, even the most middle-of-the-road liberal. Certainly there is nothing in Dr. Borzell's bombast

to indicate any departure from the old standpat philosophy.

On the same occasion the incoming president of the A.M.A., Dr. Elmer L. Henderson, a surgeon of Louisville, Kentucky, spoke in similar vein. In his keynote speech he reiterated a warning not only against socialized medicine but against the entire socialization of the nation, and claimed that only the doctors, *mirabile dictu*, can save the people from this misfortune. Physician, heal thy country!

Finally the president-elect, Dr. J. W. Cline, a surgeon of San Francisco, who will succeed Dr. Henderson a year hence, said a vociferous Amen! to Dr. Henderson's remarks. There will be no deviation from the party line under his leadership either. He enriches the official vocabulary with the terrifying term "coercive statism."

When it comes to coercion, it makes a lot of difference who is being coerced! One resolution passed by the House of Delegates would "outlaw" the system, now in wide use and generally satisfactory, whereby hospitals often place certain of their doctors on salary and collect from patients for their services. This applies particularly to radiologists, anesthesiologists, and pathologists, and in certain of the teaching hospitals to full-time physicians and surgeons. Of course A.M.A. law is not the law of the land, and is enforceable only in so far as the A.M.A. can bring pressure to bear through its own or affiliated organizations. "Organizational coercion" we might call it, to match Dr. Cline's "coercive statism."

The methods of coercion open to organized medicine include expulsion from membership, which would cut off, in considerable measure, the doctor's opportunity to keep in touch with his professional brethren — and without such contact the doctor rapidly stagnates intellectually. Also loss of hospital appointments might follow expulsion, which might make it difficult for the doctor to earn a living. It will be interesting to observe how much force will be exerted on the great teaching centers of the country to conform to such resolutions of the House of Delegates.

One wonders what may be back of such a resolution. Chiefly, I think, it is organized medicine's inherent distrust and hatred of any element of lay control in matters pertaining to the provision of medical care. The doctor knows best — not only how to treat the patient, but also how the doctor shall be employed and what he shall be paid. No layman can tell him anything about it, or have any voice in the matter. That seems to be the attitude.

Next I should like to mention the opposition raised by the House of Delegates to government aid to medical schools. In the *Atlantic* for last June, Dr. George B. Darling of Yale outlined convincingly the financial plight in which our medical schools now find themselves. The medical schools are obviously necessary to the production of doc-

tors; so are the teaching hospitals, but unless aid from government or private sources is forthcoming, some of the schools may have to close, and that would be a national misfortune. Dean George P. Berry of Harvard Medical School has said that rather than let a school close, the government would take it over and run it; but surely this would be far less desirable than keeping all the schools going under their own steam by timely aid. Yet organized medicine has persistently obstructed legislation which would permit Federal aid to needy schools. Actually, of course, many of our first-rate schools are already operated and supported by state governments.

Thus it becomes clear that organized medicine has no use for any extension of government participation in the provision of medical care to the American people. It also appears to be against the government's coming to the aid of medical schools. If government medicine is inherently bad, and if organized medicine provides no solution, where is the public to look for a solution? The answer is: to agencies other than the A.M.A. and its components.

3

SOME promising beginnings have been made. In New York City, for example, under the sponsorship of the late Mayor La Guardia and with his power behind it, a Health Insurance Plan (H.I.P.) was started in 1947, in the first instance primarily for city employees, but not operated by government and open to anyone. It provides complete medical care, either at home or in hospital or doctor's office, all for a fixed annual premium of \$34 for an individual, and increasing by approximately that amount for each member of a family until a ceiling is reached at \$103.68, beyond which no further charge is made, however large the family covered. For persons with incomes of over \$5000 for individuals or \$6500 for families, these premiums are approximately 50 per cent greater. H.I.P. makes use of various previously existing first-class hospitals and has recruited its doctors from among the best. The plan does not cover hospital bills when hospitalization is necessary, only doctors' bills; but H.I.P. requires its subscribers to join the Blue Cross and the two plans give complete medical and nearly complete hospital coverage. When it started, the county medical societies of the regions served were invited to send representatives to the Medical Control Board of H.I.P. Some of them refused to do so, their chief objection being that there was a majority of laymen on the board of directors. Attempts were also made in certain instances to scare doctors away from joining the plan.

The *Journal* of the A.M.A. also disapproved of H.I.P. editorially. H.I.P., despite the opposition of organized medicine, is a going and growing con-

cern, and shows how private enterprise can solve the medical care problem when there is a will to do it.

A similar example is furnished by the Permanente Health Plan in California. Set up under the guiding genius of Dr. Sidney R. Garfield, this enterprise is an offspring of the health plans developed for the workers at Grand Coulee Dam before the war and the Kaiser shipbuilding plants during the war. For a premium of \$36 for an individual, and \$70 for a family of two or more children, and for a charge of \$1 for office visits and \$2 for home visits, it gives complete coverage for both medical and hospital care. That is to say, it serves the purposes of H.I.P. in New York and Blue Cross combined. It owns its own hospitals, the major one being in Oakland. I have visited this hospital and talked with both doctors and patients therein. The doctors are evidently topnotch and the patients very much pleased with the plan. Nevertheless the county medical societies have resisted it in various ways. For a time they refused membership to Permanente doctors. The Alameda County Society, Dr. Garfield tells me, has now admitted all his staff, but not the San Francisco society. Dr. Garfield has also been brought to trial before the disciplinary board of the societies on various charges of unethical behavior, of all but one of which he was acquitted. The one on which he was found guilty was of unduly promoting the health plan. For this he was reprimanded. Nevertheless the Permanente Health Plan is growing and meeting a very real need in the community.

Throughout the country there are other such plans in successful operation: the Group Health Association in Washington, the Ross-Loss Clinic in Los Angeles, the Labor Health Institute in St. Louis, and others. All voluntary prepayment plans of this type have been greeted by organized medicine with coercive tactics designed to force doctors not to associate with them. In 1943 the Supreme Court of the United States found the A.M.A. and the District of Columbia Medical Society guilty of illegally obstructing the Group Health Association in Washington.

The plans that organized medicine claims to support are of one specific type: namely, those which pay doctors on a fee-for-service basis and permit them to charge patients fees in addition to the amount paid by the insurance plan. In general these plans cover only fees for surgery and obstetrical deliveries in a hospital. A few also pay fees for nonsurgical physicians' services in a hospital, and a very few pay fees for home and office visits and diagnostic services outside a hospital.

While these plans are of some assistance in aiding surgeons and obstetricians to collect their fees, and while they act as a bit of a cushion for the patient facing a big bill for a surgical or obstetrical procedure, they obviously have glaring deficiencies. For one thing, they probably do not cover more than

one sixth of the average family's annual doctor's bill, so that they are hardly more than a token of economic aid.

Yet these inadequate voluntary insurance plans are the only ones which have received the support of organized medicine. If a nonmedical group like a coöperative tries to reach an agreement with doctors to look after its members; if an attempt is made by an insurance plan to set professional standards and to offer its subscribers only the services of physicians thoroughly qualified to perform them; if doctors are paid salaries, retainers, or annual per capita amounts instead of fees for every service, then organized medicine not only gives no encouragement but usually does its best to prevent such plans from being organized or from operating successfully.

In conclusion I submit that in recent years organized medicine has taken on a rapidly expanding political function. In my opinion this is being exerted in a way which is not in the best interest of the people, for whom, after all, medical service is supplied. Medical care is for the people — not for the doctors. At the present time the provision and financing of medical care in many areas of the country are in an unsatisfactory state. The skyrocketing costs put a rapidly increasing number of people in the medically indigent class. Some way of prepaying for complete medical and hospital care and of lowering their costs through more efficient organization and professional teamwork is urgently needed. Being no socialist, I should much prefer to have these things accomplished by private enterprise than by government, but I am certain that if private enterprise fails in this regard, we shall have government medicine whether we like it or not.

In this emergency I consider that organized medicine has failed dismally. Its public relations are deteriorating. People look upon its motivation with increasing suspicion. It cries now for voluntary health plans but does little actually to produce them. The record shows that when others have sought to do these things, organized medicine has obstructed them. A learned profession has sunk, or been dragged, in its political sphere, to a distressingly low level. Individually the American doctor of medicine is, in most instances, an honest, sincere, and generous person. Certainly he is a hard-working one. When he organizes, however, his collective behavior is, at times, less noble than that which he displays when acting on his own initiative.

If organized medicine would drop its obstructionist tactics and instead devote its energy and money to the creation of adequate health plans like H.I.P. and Permanente, it would more effectively forestall government medicine than it will with its present costly propaganda campaign and Washington lobby. What organized medicine needs in serving its political function is a new and more enlightened leadership.



Britain's most distinguished dramatist, whose plays, letters, and postcards have delighted people the world over, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is just a little wiser and older than the Atlantic, and continues to be one of its liveliest contributors. He was born in Dublin in July, 1856; captured London twenty years later; in 1884 he became the leading spirit of the Fabian Society; and in 1925 he received the Nobel Prize for Literature.

THE PROBLEM OF A COMMON LANGUAGE

by G. BERNARD SHAW

MR. ROBERT BIRLEY, in his third Reith broadcast, culminating in a call for an international language and selecting French as the most probable choice (Spanish used to be the favorite), has gone very faithfully and competently over all the ground that has been surveyed again and again for a hundred years past without making any effective impression on either the public or the education authorities. It was all said by Alexander J. Ellis in his century-old book. I am old enough to have heard him lecture, in his velvet skull cap, for which he always apologised. After pleading his phonetic brief he read Shakespear with Shakespear's pronunciation just as Mr. Coghill now reads Chaucer. Since Ellis, we have had Pitman and Sweet, Volapuk and Esperanto, and no end of phonetic alphabets and shorthand systems; but we are still entangled in Johnson's absurd etymological bad spelling, wasting years of our lives in writing the single sounds of our language with two, three, four, five letters or more, and turning our children out of our elementary schools after nine years' daily instruction unable to speak or write English well enough to qualify them for clerical or professional appointments. All our phonetic propaganda is sterilised by the dread that the cost of the change would be colossal.

As a matter of fact, it is the cost of Johnsonese that is colossal: so colossal that it is beyond the comprehension of our authorities. Mr. Birley may argue until Doomsday for an international language, and plump for French as the best; but no authority will pay any serious attention until he puts the case into figures, and concentrates on labor saving as the only consideration that will cut any ice. The choice between French and English may turn on the fact that in French the very common word *shall* is spelt with eight letters and in English with five, of which one is superfluous. To appreciate this difference we must begin with the cost

in time and labor of writing one alphabetic letter.

Take the word *debt*. Spell it *det*; and write it over and over again for a minute. Then do the same spelling it *debt*. The difference between the number of times you have written *det* and *debt* gives you the difference in time and labor between writing one letter of the alphabet and two.

If, like some of our spelling reformers and phoneticians, you are mathematically silly enough to play the old trick of disguising this difference as a percentage, you will get a figure too small to impress anybody. A percentage may mean a half-penny or a million pounds sterling, a fraction of a second or a thousand eons, a parish council or a world federation. Keep to the facts. The first fact is that the difference you have counted is a difference per minute. It will prove to be 12 seconds. Therefore, as there are 365 days in the year, the difference is 73 days per individual scribe per year.

How many scribes are there? As the English language goes round the earth, the sun never setting on it, it is impossible to ascertain exactly how many people are writing it, not for one minute as an experiment, but all the time incessantly and perpetually. No matter: a big cross section will be just as conclusive. In the British Commonwealth and the United States of North America there are more than 270,000,000 born writers and speakers of English. Of these the proportion of authors, journalists, clerks, accountants, scholars, private correspondents and others writing continually and simultaneously all round the clock may safely be taken as one in every hundred, making 2,700,000. Multiply this figure by the 73 days. The answer is that every year in the cross section alone we are wasting 540,000 years of time and labor which we could save by spelling English phonetically enough for all practical purposes, adding to the Johnsonese alphabet fourteen letters, all of which can be borrowed provisionally from the stocks now held by our

printers for setting up foreign and classical grammars, algebras, and the like.

I have left India, Pakistan, and Ceylon out of the calculation with their 400,000,000, whose dozen dialects are giving way to English. They would make the figures too enormous to be credible. One could only laugh. Enough to note that there is no industrial company on earth that would not scrap and replace all its plant, at whatever cost, to save in cost of production a fraction of such magnitudes. In the face of them it is folly to prattle vainly for the thousandth time about universal languages, teaching children to read, standard pronunciation, and the rest of the argy-bargy our phoneticians keep regurgitating.

It is Johnsonese that we cannot afford, not a forty-letter alphabet. For more than seventy years I have written books, plays, articles, and private letters, in legible phonetics, and thereby added at least two months every year to my productive life-time as compared to Shakespear and Dickens, who had to write their works in longhand, though Dickens was an adept in reporting shorthand, which is unreadable by printers and typists.

I do not pretend to know what language will become international, though I agree with Mr. Birley that it will not be an artificial one. The fittest will survive. My guess is Pidgin English, the *lingua franca* of the Chinese coolie, the Australian black boy, and the traders and seafarers who employ them. It gets rid of the incubus of much useless grammar. In commercial Johnsonese we write "I regret to have to inform you that it is not possible for me to entertain the proposal in your esteemed letter." In Pidgin this is "Sorry no can." Pidgin, spoken or phonetically spelt, is a labor saving device which leaves the harvester, the internal combustion engine, and the telephone nowhere.

The case of children learning to read is an over-worked bugbear. Children learn to read and write by sight, not by sound. Those who have deficient visual memory spell phonetically and sign with a mark. Blind children read by touch, deaf ones lip read. I cannot remember any time when a page of print was unintelligible to me; so I can hardly have suffered much when learning.

Children should be taught to spell phonetically, and corrected only when their spelling betrays a mispronunciation, which for the present may be taken to mean a departure from the usage of Mr. Hibberd, chief announcer to the British Broadcasting Corporation. His vowels are much more representative and agreeable than those common to the University of Oxford and the Isle of Dogs.

A cockney who pronounces French in the accent of Stratford-atte-Bowe is actually more intelligible in France than the phonetic virtuoso who pronounces all but perfectly, barely a hundredth of every vowel being off the mark. The foreigner whose schooltaught English is excellent the day he arrives here speaks broken English after a year's residence, finding it quite sufficient for his purposes and an innocent amusement for his neighbors. All teachers should bear in mind that better is the enemy of good enough, and perfection not possible on any terms. Language need not and should not be taught beyond the point at which the speaker is understood. Not five minutes should be wasted in teaching a chauffeur who says "Them hills is very deceiving" to say "These mountain gorges are very deceptive." An English child who says "I thinked" or "I buyed" is just as intelligible as an adult who says "I thought" or "I bought."

We say that Time is Money. It is civilization, art, literature, leisure, pleasure: in short, life more abundant.



ATROPOS

by ERIC WILSON BARKER

You were the ominous Cloud-Mouth that foretold,
 With Eden's closing, how all gates would close
 On gardens where the trees of pleasure grew.
 You were the doom through Joshua's trumpets rolled;
 Goliath's ruin waiting in a brook;
 Lot's wife's salt-glazing, backward-turning look;
 That Christ-forgetting tree Iscariot chose.
 You were the sum Ecclesiastes knew,
 Who loved Fall's rusting drift, its homing sound,
 And the Dark Lover waiting in the ground.



This is the first of a series of articles on Painting and Sculpture. Contributors to it will comment on the major exhibitions, the one-man shows, the controversies, and the books which feed the interest of those to whom the fine arts are a burning issue. Critics, connoisseurs, curators, and artists will take part. Each will be encouraged to speak out with the candor, the affirmation, and the magnificent prejudices of his particular camp. To open the series we turn to MACKINLEY HELM, the Boston collector, an authority on modern Mexican painters, and the biographer of John Marin. His home is an intimate museum of paintings, the expression of a taste diverse and decided. Next month we shall hear from Fiske Kimball, Director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

THE ARTISTS TO SEE

by MACKINLEY HELM

IT was with a "quick Relish," a feeling familiarly felt by Sir Richard Steele, that I heard from the Editor of his intention to allow painting and sculpture to speak as a recurring feature in those months when the galleries are most exciting. I must add that it was equally savory to be asked to write the first of a series of articles intended to accent, through news and comment from regional sources, the high function that art can exercise in a free nation's life. I propose to look at some memorial and jubilee exhibitions which our museums are disclosing this fall.

The Cleveland Museum of Art will open, on the last day of October, a retrospective collection of the paintings of William Sommer, an Ohio landscapist who died in 1949 in his eighty-fourth year. The water colors of this highly original genius are almost unknown outside his own region, the Western Reserve; though readers of *White Buildings* may remember the name. Hart Crane, then writing advertising copy in Cleveland, visited Sommer at his "Brandywine" studio, in the summer of 1922, and wrote some lively lines about one of his friend's spirited still lifes: —

Beloved apples of seasonable madness
That feed your inquiries with aerial wine.
Put them again beside a pitcher with a knife,
And poise them full and ready for explosion —
The apples, Bill, the apples!

Dodge Macknight, who died only last May in his ninetieth year, will be memorialized in October-November by a showing of about 90 water colors at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. A hearty and colorful man, Macknight lived for fifty years by the sea, at East Sandwich, Cape Cod, from time

to time issuing out of that respectable village to visit exotic places like Mexico, Spain, and North Africa. From the turn of the century until 1930 — when he made his last sales exhibition in Boston — his New England and Canadian landscapes and bright-colored renderings of picturesque Hispanic byways were much sought after by New England patrons. Boston collectors such as Mrs. Jack Gardner and Franklin Huntington Beebe paid up to \$2500 for the transparent papers whose intention and meaning were always as forthright as their manly creator's open-faced character. It is said that the late Desmond FitzGerald of Brookline bought scores of the paintings and cased them, like the well-known Back Bay pancakes, in trunks concealed by his drawing-room sofas.

Nearly 100 of Armenian-born Arshile Gorky's abstract and Expressionistic drawings and paintings will be shown at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York just after the first of the year and will go on to the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis and the San Francisco Museum of Art in the spring. Gorky, who died by his own hand two years ago, was one of the seven Americans chosen to represent our advanced schools of painting at the twenty-fifth Venetian *Biennale* during the summer. The other six, for the record, were Willem de Kooning and Rico Lebrun, foreign-born painters long resident here; Jackson Pollock of Wyoming; Hyman Bloom, the Boston Expressionist; Lee Gatch of New York and Baltimore; and John Marin, who was given a retrospect of 48 paintings to celebrate his forthcoming eightieth birthday.

The staff of the Portland (Oregon) Art Museum is presently studying and documenting the paintings of Clayton S. Price, a Portland artist whose work

reached really heroic proportions before his death early this year at seventy-five. Scheduled for a March *vernissage*, this showing of the work of a lifetime will then go on tour: whereupon the country at large can judge, for the first time in the round, the work of a first-rate regional painter who began life as a Wyoming cowboy and died loving perfection. The surviving paintings are all pretty wonderful, the best of them strongly built up like a good Marsden Hartley. The failures were fed by their author's own hand to the sea.

Of the three current or forthcoming exhibitions of foreign artists of major importance, Chaïm Soutine, Edvard Munch, and Christian Bérard, only that of Bérard, who died last year, is billed as a memorial showing. A cross-section of his work as portrait and figure painter, book illustrator, and theatrical and fashion designer will go on display on October 3 at the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art. It will be viewed at the Contemporary Arts Association of Houston in December; the Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, in January; the Santa Barbara Museum of Art from the last week in February till the middle of March; the Fine Arts Center, Colorado Springs, in April; and at Knoedler & Company, New York, in May.

Bérard, called Bébé for the childish pink and white cheeks hidden beneath a Charles Laughton-Galileo beard, will be best remembered in this country for his designs for Jean Cocteau's baroque film *Beauty and the Beast* and the New York production of Jean Giraudoux's *Madwoman of Chaillot*, with its dramatic red bed in a cellar lighted with pink overtones — as in Paris he is remembered for attending first nights at the theater with his dog Hyacinth and for his "Portrait" by Gertrude Stein. He belonged to the neohumanist school of painters, of which Pavel Tchelitchew was *chef d'école*, and Cocteau and the Bermans were members. Bérard's portrait of Cocteau is one of the highlights of the Institute show.

The most dazzling foreign show of the season will be the Soutine exhibition which opens in New York the first of November as a joint undertaking by the Museum of Modern Art and the Cleveland Museum. Amedeo Modigliani's portrait of Soutine, painted not long after the Lithuanian youth had reached Paris in 1911, by way of the Vilna Academy, shows that inscrutable boy intent upon some secret vision, and Soutine's early paintings will show that his visions then were somber, foreboding. The brilliant tones that most of us look (and long) for in the work of Soutine began to appear about 1920. The sundown in Pyrénées Orientales, shining brightly on tulips and rosebay, inspired the artist to paint more than 200 pictures in high-keyed, glowing color during his three years in Céret.

The surviving corpus of the work of this fastidious Expressionist painter — Soutine died in Tou-

raine in 1944 — is disappointingly small because, in agonies over subjectively felt imperfections, the artist destroyed so much canvas. He used to repeat a still life arrangement — *nature morte* — until the inanimate objects appeared to take life and breath from his palette. Not even Cézanne could put more life into dead nature. Anne Collié, after Modigliani the only person ever known to have watched him at work, has reported that he never set down a brush stroke without measuring it up against the preceding stroke, and always painted at a high nervous tension. The pictures give off that tension with the greatest excitement.

The Edvard Munch exhibition to be installed in October at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts had its dramatic unveiling at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, last April and has been on the road ever since. During the remainder of the tour of the work of this great Norwegian Expressionist, the citizens of Colorado Springs, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, and St. Louis will have a chance to tremble in front of his airless and frightening canvases. The low-priced catalogue which goes with this show — 79 illustrations, six in color, a solid text by Frederick Deknatel of Harvard — is probably the best monographic buy of the season.

The Metropolitan is currently showing twentieth-century American paintings already acquired by the Museum collections. The picture book produced for this exhibition shows 100 choice paintings, eight in color, but at one time or another, during the next few weeks, a regular visitor will be able to see most of the paintings in the Metropolitan's great store of work from more than 500 modern American painters and sculptors. Two hundred oils and 100 water colors will be on the walls every day. You get a free ticket and you take your choice: Homer, Ryder, Whistler, Abbey, Cassatt, or Sargent; Hassam, Henri, Luks, Bellows, or Sloan; Hartley, Marin, Weber, Grant Wood, or Walt Kuhn; Hurd and O'Keeffe and Corbino or Hopper and Biddle; Reginald Marsh or Boardman Robinson; Stuart Davis, Rattner, Sheeler, Pereira, or Zerbe, Jack Levine, and Ben Shahn.

The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston will honor the memory of the late Edward J. Holmes, who, with his wife and his mother, Mrs. Scott Fitz, during the fifteen years of his chairmanship of the Board of Trustees, presented scores of *objets d'art* to the Museum, the greatest treasure being surely the miniature ivory and gold statuette, the Snake Goddess, a priceless and exquisite relic of the Minoan culture from sixteenth-century (B.C.) Crete.

Two of the "jubilee" shows are already on view. One of them, an exhibition of historical portraits, hangs in Washington's National Gallery of Art to celebrate the sesquicentennial of the removal of the Federal government to our present capital.

Everybody of consequence in our Federal history is there represented: the Washingtons, George and Martha, the former by the ubiquitous Stuart, himself embodied in the John Neagle portrait and his own popular talent likewise secured in the faces of John and Abigail Adams and Monsignor John Carroll, the first Roman Catholic archbishop in the youthful republic. The duelists Alexander Hamilton and Stephen Decatur hang with the whole White House collection of American Presidents on the stately walls of a connected series of some of the National Gallery's 105 public chambers — along with Rembrandt Peale's full-bosomed and spit-curved Mrs. James Madison, Sam Morse's wonderful broad-faced Lafayette, and Benjamin West's portrait of Elizabeth Kortright in ermine. As Mrs. James Monroe, and during her husband's unsuccessful diplomatic mission to republican Paris, Elizabeth Kortright successfully wangled her friend Lafayette out of prison. West caught her just then, and set down the impression that between James and Elizabeth, the latter might have made the more positive President.

A patriotic show at the Corcoran Gallery in the national capital goes even farther back into American history: back, indeed, to the Venetian Sebastiano del Piombo's ideal portrait of the Genoese Christopher Columbus. Among the hundreds of pictures and prints assembled from European, Canadian, Mexican, and American sources to follow the turn of events through the nineteenth century, Benjamin West's "Death of Wolfe," down from Ottawa, looms up largely.

In honor of living painters, the Kansas City Art Institute is reviving its celebrated Mid-America Annual, a juried show of oil paintings, water colors, prints, drawings, and sculptures. Eugene Kingman, director of the Joslyn Art Museum at Omaha, will judge the hundreds of entries which began to arrive before the end of September. Something over 100 examples of the five specified mediums will be exhibited during November at Kansas City's William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, a resplendent limestone museum built at a cost of nearly three million dollars on the lush Kansas City estate of the Nelsons. Twentieth-century art owned by the Whitney Museum of American Art now fills the walls at 10 West Eighth Street, Manhattan, and will remain there until November 10, when the 1950 winter exhibition of new American painting goes up to remain through the year. Sixty of those brand-new creations will go on a country-wide tour next year, some of them newly acquired, no doubt, for the Museum's permanent holdings, from funds realized by a spring sale of the nineteenth-century paintings and sculptures held up to this mid-century year in the Whitney collections.

The Museum of Modern Art in New York will inaugurate, in early October, the second of its "New Talent" series with paintings so literally

new as to be, some of them, palpably not quite dry, by painters whose names were unknown in New York as lately as day before yesterday. The first event of the series, held last spring in the members' Penthouse, introduced Seymour Drumlevitch, a Rome Prize man, William D. King, a Florida sculptor, and Raymond Parker, a Twin City artist who showed virtuosity in applying lacquer to Masonite panels. Three sculptures and two paintings were sold. The newest "new talent" can be viewed in the Penthouse by nonmembers on Mondays.

Sculptors everywhere notoriously have a bad time of it in respect to patronage and public relations. The galleries are reluctant to pay the high cost of packing and transporting stone and bronze figures, and most gallery goers, starting perhaps to reach for inhibited wallets at the infrequent showings, have to remember that sculptures want more space and stability than most modern living allows for. So that among the museums herein noted, only one has a new sculpture show in immediate view.

From October 24 to December 3 the Art Museum in Portland, Oregon, will present 20 portable figures, together with superb working drawings, by the great Lithuanian modernist sculptor Jacques Lipchitz, who now lives in New York. Lipchitz, whose Expressionist sculptures will decorate Father Couturier's new green granite church in the French village of Assy in the Graian Alps, was the only sculptor associated with the Picasso-Braque-Juan Gris Cubist group in the second decade of this century. In the later work, as will be seen in Portland, and thereafter in San Francisco and Cincinnati, Ohio, the Cubist angles of the earlier figures have given way to curved lines which enhance the feeling of flight that Lipchitz likes to capture. He calls his plantlike bronze forms "aerial transparencies" and explains that all the parts are intended to be seen and give off emotion coincidentally.

A prodigious technician, Lipchitz makes scores of drawings and sometimes miniature sketches in wax before building up the full-scale plasteline models which he hacks at with knives and long-handled hammers until the work in his hands corresponds to the ideal forms which have grown up in his mind. He torments his first plaster casting with rasps, as Henry James tormented the printed proofs of his novels with pencils, and files through the film on the ultimate bronze until highlights of clear color gleam through the oxidized surface. The finished figure never appears to rest its weight on its perch. It sparkles and leaps into space.

"I admire an egg," Lipchitz says, perhaps with a wry glance at the rounder forms of Hans Arp and Brancusi. "Nature has perfectly shaped it both for function and mode of production. But I am no hen. I do not want to lay eggs."



The Atlantic Serial



THE FAR LANDS

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

For thirty years James Norman Hall has made his home in the South Seas. Over the years his imagination has continually been challenged by the question of how the Polynesians ever came to these peaceful but remote islands. From his knowledge of the natives and their legends, he has re-created the epic story of the Tongan Clan, who were lovers of peace and who had gone to sea in their great outrigger canoes in search of the Far Lands promised them by Tané, the god they worshiped. After storm and starvation a remnant of the clan was driven ashore on Kurapo, an island peopled by the Koros, a clan who worshiped war and who would have massacred the survivors were it not for the intervention of their high chief, Vaitangi, who gave the enfeebled strangers sanctuary on the eastern side of the island.

For ten years the Tongans lived in peaceful captivity, building war canoes for the Koros and strictly observing the tabu which kept the two clans apart. Maui, the hero of the

story, the son of Téaro, high chief of the Tongans, is growing up to be their young leader.

At festivities attended by Vaitangi and the chiefs and priests of both clans, Maui incurs the hatred of Puaka, high priest of the Koros. Maui further jeopardizes the safety of his people by going to see Hina, the pretty granddaughter of Vaitangi; he breaks the tabu; he violates the temple of Koro; and when he is detected the Koros take blood revenge. Men are sacrificed for Maui's misdeed, and for a year the boy is shunned by his own clan.

When the hostility of the Koro warriors reaches the breaking point, their chief sends a warning to the Tongans, who decide to build a fleet of their own in which to escape — eight great canoes which must be built in secrecy and large enough to carry their six hundred people. In the feverish haste of the building, Téaro, their chief, is killed by a falling tree, and Maui, now eighteen, is chosen to succeed his father.

18

AT Maui's request, one day only was spent by the chiefs in the solemn service at the *marae* when he was invested with the sacred robes and the chaplet of red feathers his father had worn.

On the evening of this day, when the ceremonies had been completed, Maui returned with Métua to his father's dwelling. As they approached it a man stepped out from the deep shade of the trees bordering the path. "O Maui?" he said.

"I am," Maui replied.

The man then placed in Maui's hand a small packet wrapped in green leaves. "I was ordered to bring you this," he said. "The sender is known to you." He then vanished in the darkness along the path leading up the valley.

They entered the house, and Maui stood by a candlenut lamp, examining by its flickering light the parcel he held in his hand. With a glance at Métua he slowly removed the covering of leaves. Within lay a coral pebble, smooth, round, perfectly shaped, and of the color of sunlight. It was enclosed in a net of bark thread, but the meshes of the net were dry and withered and fell to pieces in his hand.

"You recognize it?" Métua asked.

Maui nodded, gazing at the pebble in silence, wonderingly, as though scarcely believing it the same that the priest had told him to hide in a secret place, so long ago.

When they were seated on the mats Métua said: "Maui, sixteen years ago, on the night when we Tongans reached Kurapo, you were at the point of death, and your mother as well. All of this you know; there is no need to repeat the tale. Vaitangi's daughter-in-law took you from your unconscious mother's arms and fed you at her breast with Hina, her own infant. It was then I knew that you children were destined for each other. Whether or not that destiny is to be fulfilled it is for you to decide."

"Hina has sent me this?" said Maui, still gazing at the pebble.

"Who else?" said the priest.

Toward noon on the following day Maui was approaching the small lake hidden amongst the mountains. Six years had passed since he had taken Hina there and guided her into his secret cavern. Never since that day had he returned, but there, he knew, he would find her. Why, he wondered, had she sent for him after so long a time? What message did she

wish to bring him? He found it hard to remember that she would no longer be the child whom he had last seen. Never had he forgotten her, but after what had happened when he had broken the *tabu* set by Vaitangi, he had never expected to see her again. He hurried on, half walking, half running, but as he neared the lake he slackened his pace, halting within the shelter of the forest to look in either direction along the beach of white sand bordering the lake along the eastern side.

All was silent there, save for the faint cries of the seafowl wheeling above the crags on the far side. He drew in his breath sharply as he saw a pair of small footprints leading from the border of the forest across the beach to the placid level of the lake which was shimmering brightly as though someone had disturbed the surface of the water only a moment or two before. The sun had disappeared behind the tallest of the crags to the west. Quickly Maui plunged into the lake. The light which, for so brief a time at that hour of the afternoon, revealed the entrance to the cavern was beginning to fade. Maui dived, and a moment later his head broke water within the deepening gloom of the cavern itself.

For a moment he could see nothing; then, as his eyes became accustomed to the semidarkness, he saw the figure of a girl seated on the low ledge of rock on the opposite side of the pool. The light which came through the opening in the roof, though fading now, fell like the ashes of gold upon her hair and her bare arms and shoulders. She sat with her arms clasped around her updrawn knees, and in the dying light her body seemed to be vanishing into darkness even as he looked at her. He drew himself up beside her, and as though to convince himself that she was real, he laid a hand on her cool wet shoulders. "Hina . . .?" he said.

After a moment of silence the girl replied: "I thought you would never come. I have waited since morning."

"And I have waited since we were children," Maui replied.

"Waited? . . . Where? In your father's house? Did you expect me to come to you there?"

"Hina . . ."

"Do you remember what you told me when we came here together, so long ago? You said: 'This is *my* cave. I shouldn't have brought you here; you're a Koro.'"

"I remember," Maui said.

"But it has been mine since that day."

"You tell me that you have come here since?"

"Didn't you know that I would, if only to thank you for the baby terns?"

"I never dreamed of it. How could I have, after what had happened? When your grandfather left our valley for the last time he told my father that we would never see him again, or any of his family."

"And you believe that he spoke for me as well? Does the daughter of a Tongan high chief have no

mind of her own? Does your sister obey your father in all that she does?"

"Hina, you were only a child then. How could I have guessed that you would ever come here again? I can scarcely believe in you even now, in this darkness. Let us go out, I want to see you."

"After this long time!" the girl replied bleakly. "Maui! Maui! I came here six times in four years, hoping to find you; and then no more, until today. I saw that it was useless."

"Hina, you must believe me! I never thought of your trying to see me again. Why haven't you sent the pebble before? I would have come the moment I received it."

"Did you today? I have been waiting for hours."

"There was a reason why I could not come earlier. Let us go out now. We can't talk in this darkness."

"Not yet. What I have to say is better told in the darkness. You know nothing of what has happened in our family?"

"Nothing," Maui replied. "The messengers Puaka sends us bring only his orders. They are as arrogant as Puaka himself and tell us nothing. We might be living in different lands for anything we have heard. Tell me, first, about your grandfather, and your mother. My mother longs to hear of her welfare."

"She is dead," Hina replied, in a desolate voice.

"Dead!" Maui groped for her hand and held it. "Hina! Your mother? Dead?"

After a silence the girl spoke again. As though recalling events that had happened long ago, she told him how Puaka had steadily gained such power over the Koros that only a few of the older chiefs remained loyal to Vaitangi.

"Puaka hated my mother from the time when you Tongans came to Kurapo and she saved your life by feeding you at her breast. Later, when you were found in the temple of Koro, Puaka knew that he could do what he would against your family; that none of the chiefs would dare to stand up against him. But he worked secretly to destroy my mother. We have sorcerers in our clan who obey Puaka in everything — evil men who can kill even members of the high chief's family when he has lost his power to protect them. So it was in my mother's case. Puaka employed two of these men to destroy her slowly so that it would appear that she had died of some unknown and incurable illness. She wasted away until she was no more than a shadow of herself. When death came she was buried with great ceremony, and Puaka himself was one of the mourners. All knew that he was the cause of her death but none dared say a word against him."

"But . . . Vaitangi, your grandfather?"

"Maui, you would not know my grandfather could you see him now. He is dying of the same cause."

"You tell me that your grandfather, the high chief, is powerless to resist?"

"Yes. He believes it is Koro's will that he should die because of his kindness to your people and his long friendship with your father and your priest, Métua. He will do nothing to save himself, because he is convinced that nothing can be done. *Pifau*, it is called, this killing by sorcery. The men who practice it have power greater in this way than that of Puaka himself."

"But your grandfather still has friends among the chiefs. Can they do nothing to help him?"

"You know nothing of Koro sorcerers if you think that! And now there are only two or three of the older chiefs who remain loyal to my grandfather. Many love him, but fear of Puaka and of Koro rules their lives."

19

NEITHER spoke again for some time; then Maui said: "And I am to blame. Hina, do you realize that? For the death of so many of my own people; for the death of your mother . . ."

"No, Maui!" the girl replied, quickly. "My mother's death and my grandfather's would have happened in any case at a later time. Puaka is fifteen years younger than my grandfather, stronger in will, and with a heart filled with evil. With Koro's help he was bound to gather all the power into his hands, and so he has. . . . Let us go out now. I can stay only a little longer. First put our pebble back in its niche." Putting a hand on his shoulder, she got to her feet. They were now invisible to each other. A moment later she said: "I will go first. Wait a little. I am all but naked."

She plunged into the pool, inky black in the darkness, but he saw her slim shadowy body as it passed through the area of dim light coming from the lake. He followed a few moments later. Hina was awaiting him on the beach, dressed in a mantle of dyed bark cloth of a soft and beautiful texture, worn only by the daughters of chiefs, which was gathered over her breasts, leaving her arms and shoulders bare, and reaching to her knees. Maui waded slowly toward her through the shallows and placed his hands on her shoulders, holding her at arm's length. She looked into his eyes, questioningly.

"Is it the Hina you remembered?"

Maui continued to gaze in wonder and adoration at the slim lovely girl, just blooming into womanhood, who stood before him. Slowly he shook his head. "Not the one I remembered. Not even the one I have dreamed of as she would be now. My little Hina! How could I have guessed that you would be so beautiful?"

"Didn't you think I was pretty when we were children?"

"Yes; but now . . . Hina, do you remember Métua, our priest? He says that we belong to each other."

"And you tell me of this now when it is too late."

"Too late? . . . Why? . . . Hina, you are not married?"

She shook her head. "But I am to be, very soon."

"To whom?"

The girl made no reply. Maui seized her by the arms. "Answer me, Hina! Who is this man?"

At last, without looking up, she replied, in a low desolate voice: "You remember how, when we were children, you defeated Uri at stone throwing? He never forgave you for that. And now, in his turn, with his uncle's help, he has defeated you."

Gently he drew her to him and held her close, his cheek pressed against hers. She put her arms around him and clung to him, her face against his breast. "Maui, I am lost! There is nothing I can do. Nothing. My grandfather is a broken old man: broken in spirit, broken in health, broken in will. He consented. He is like a child in Puaka's hands. Puaka knows that the one thing needed to give him complete control over the Koro Clan, and his nephew after him, is a marriage between Uri and myself."

"Darling, that shall never be."

"Never!" Hina replied. "I will destroy myself first. Let me tell you what I know; it is why I sent for you. The time is near when you Tongans are to be destroyed. Not one of you will be spared. The attack will not come until Puaka returns; I am to be married then. My grandfather is to be kept alive until that time; but before he is destroyed you will be. You are to be taken as the sacrifice offered to Koro on the day of my marriage. Then will follow the attack on the Tongans."

"You are certain of this?" Maui asked.

"I was told by an old chief who is my grandfather's friend. He can do nothing to prevent it, but he wanted me to know."

"Hina, did your grandfather never tell you what he said to my father when he left our valley for the last time?"

The girl shook her head.

"He foresaw what was to come. He said to my father: 'Build your ships! Build swiftly! You have no time to lose!' That was six years ago. Can you believe that we Tongans have failed to heed that warning?"

Hina drew back and looked up at him as though trying to grasp the truth of his words. "Maui! You are telling me . . ."

"That we have been building our ships, by day and by night, from that day to this. The last ship will soon be completed. I was working upon it this morning, which is the reason I was late in meeting you. We have no time to lose. If the war fleet is delayed beyond another moon, Puaka will find nothing but empty dwellings in our valley. Now, Hina, we must make our plans: when and how you are to join me."

"How can it be?" she said, woefully. "Maui, you must think of your people, not of me, lest all of your plans come to nothing."

"It can be and it shall be," he said. Hina was silent as he continued, eagerly and confidently, telling her of the preparations now so nearly at an end. "Soon we shall be able to set the night when we shall leave this land. I will let you know of this as soon as I myself know, and we will then arrange where I am to meet you. It must be on the morning of the day itself so that the Koros will have no suspicion of what we do. I will come for you before dawn and lie hidden in the thickets just above the head wall of your valley . . ."

"No, Maui! Not there! Never again must you come within our lands! Promise that you will not!"

"Then by the *tabu* tree. I will wait there, hidden in the fern. Have you servants you can trust?"

"Yes; the man who brought you the pebble; he and his wife, both. They love me as they loved my mother. His wife is the woman to whom you gave the baby terns."

"Then you see how simple it will be? You will have only to give them an excuse for your absence during the day. When night comes and you fail to return, you will be with us, Hina — with me, looking back at Kurapo as it sinks into the sea."

"But what will your people say? What will they think when they see you bringing me, a Koro, amongst them?"

"My darling, do you think they have forgotten what we Tongans owe to your grandfather and to your own mother? Last night when your servant brought me the pebble, Mētua said: 'I have known since you and Hina were children that you were destined for each other. Whether or not that destiny is to be fulfilled it is for you to decide.' Hina, do you love me? You have not told me so in words. I want to hear you say it."

"I loved you when we were children," she replied, in a low voice. "I had for you then the deep affection of a small sister who had no brothers of her own. Now that I am a woman, can you even guess how I love you? . . . Maui, we have so little time."

"When can I see you again? Let it be soon, Hina. I may be able to tell you at the next meeting when we are to go."

She reflected for a moment. "Let it be twelve days from now. On that day there is to be a service to pray for the success of the war fleet. All of the chiefs will be at the temple during the day and the night as well."

He held her close, stroking her hair, her bare arms and shoulders, while she clung to him. At last she pushed him back. "Maui, my beloved one, I must go now."

20

FIVE of the Tongan ships had been moved on rollers from the sheds and were now shored up on the bank of the river while the last work upon them was under

way. Between the masts of the twin-hulled ships, platforms of light *purau* were built, reaching across the hulls; and upon these platforms, houses that would shelter from twelve to fifteen people were erected. These were to accommodate some of the older people and the wives and small children of the *ariki*. The houses were low, measuring no more than five feet between platform and ridgepole. The roofs were of pandanus leaf thatch securely lashed to the rafters, and over them was a net of tough bark cordage so that the roofs could sustain all but the strongest winds. The hulls, which provided shelter for all the others, could be protected in stormy weather by stoutly woven mats drawn across them, having loops to be fastened over cleats fixed along the gunwales.

The women had long been at work preparing the provisions for the voyage. The approximate time when the ships would be ready to sail had been estimated well in advance, and gardens of yams and taro planted accordingly, so that these slowly growing root vegetables would reach maturity by the time when they would be needed. Pits in the ground, lined with leaves, were filled with breadfruit and covered, to allow the fruit to soften and ferment in the warm earth until it altered to *poi*, the thick white paste, so rich in nourishment. Breadfruit was prepared in yet another way: it was baked, then rolled thin and reduced to flour. This was packed in long rolls, wrapped in dried leaves, and placed within lengths of bamboo. The yams and taro, now fully matured, were being dug from the gardens — some to be baked and packed for sea stores during the early part of the voyage, some to be carried in baskets for use at a later time.

There were no idle women and children as this work went forward. Some were preparing the containers in which the food would be carried: baskets, calabashes, lengths of giant bamboo, and the like. Others were occupied with the food itself. Even the old and feeble did what they could to help, concealing from the others the heaviness in their hearts as they thought of the dangers and hardships of the voyage so near at hand.

Children were scattered in all parts of the valley and along the beaches, gathering pandanus nuts from which was made flour of another kind which formed so important an item of their sea stores. The ships would also carry as many fully matured coconuts as room could be found for. Protected by their dry hard husks, they would provide food of last resort — both the meat of the nuts and the spongy yellow *utos*, which form within the nuts at the time when they are ready to sprout. Also, the children were bringing in the pigs and fowls, which wandered at will in ordinary times. They were enclosed in pens and abundantly fed, that they might be at their fattest when the time for departure came.

All of these preparations were in full progress

when Maui returned from his meeting with Hina at the lake. It was late evening. He came home by way of the ridge enclosing the southern side of the valley where the temple stood. He found Métua seated on a mat under the stars. Maui took his place beside him and told of his meeting with Hina and the news she had brought: of the death of her mother, her betrothal to Uri, and of the woeful condition of Vaitangi, now completely under the will and the power of Puaka.

When he had finished, Métua said: "Let this be kept a secret between us for the present. Say nothing even to your mother until a later time, for it would only grieve her."

"I shall do as you say," Maui replied, "but the truth cannot long be hidden."

"Nor need it be," said Métua; "only during these last days until our people are safely at sea."

"And Hina with us?" Maui asked. . . . "Métua, you have the gift of foreknowledge: this is known to all. Tell me, then, what her fate is to be, and mine."

"Have I not told you that you were destined children?" the priest replied. "You have heard the call of your great namesake. Is it not enough to know that you are under divine protection?"

"Forgive me," Maui said. "I spoke as I did because of the deep anxiety in my mind. Never have I lost the affection for Hina that came in our childhood days; but how was I to know how swiftly this would change? How could I foresee that the old affection would become deep love from the moment when I next saw her? Métua, now that I stand in my father's place, my first duty is to our people. And at the time when we are all but ready to leave this land has come this love for Hina. Am I to think of that, and of our great need for each other? Am I to risk the safety of our people so that Hina may be saved, and thus, perhaps, bring ruin to all our plans?"

"Hina herself has spoken of this?" Métua asked.

"She has," Maui replied. "She fears the evil power of Koro . . ."

"And that is not to be doubted," Métua said, quietly.

"She has reminded me of how far his vengeance may carry. More than this: she believes that, if she could come with us, the result will be nothing but greater misery for our people; that there will be those who will lay to her charge all the dangers, misfortunes, and evil chances that we shall have to meet during our voyage eastward."

"That is true," the priest replied, gravely.

"Then . . . I must give her up?"

"Have I said it? Could you believe it, after what you have already been told?"

Maui peered into his face, dimly revealed under the light of the stars. "Métua, how am I to understand your words? Both your meaning and your purposes are dark to me."

"Not my purposes — they are Tané's," the priest

replied. "Tané's purposes with respect to myself are hidden, but I know them as they concern you and Hina. If her life is joined with yours, the union will prove to be the greatest of blessings, not only to yourselves and your children, but to the Tongan Clan for generations to come."

21

WHEN twelve days had passed, four of the ships lay moored stem to stern in the river. The masts had been shipped and rigged, the sails were ready to be bent on, the paddles were in their racks, and the great steering oars lay aft beneath the thwarts, ready for use.

Early on the morning of this day Maui set out along the path leading westward across the island. He walked rapidly and the sun was not yet two hours high when he reached the tree from which hung the *tabu* emblem. This was no longer the emblem of Vaitangi: three red lines crossed diagonally with one of blue. The design on the streamer was now that of the priest of Koro: a swastika, an ancient emblem amongst the Koros and chosen by Puaka for that reason.

As Maui stood looking at this emblem, he recalled with a feeling of desolation all that had happened from the day in boyhood when he had broken the *tabu* set by Vaitangi: the horror of the scenes he had witnessed on the night of the return of the Koro war fleet; the terror in his heart when he had found himself in the Koro temple, with the huge figure of the war god facing him, holding him there, powerless to move. He remembered the anguish of the year of his punishment when, by his father's order, he was shunned by his people, forbidden to speak even to his mother, and compelled to carry to his father news of the sounding of the great Drum of Koro, announcing the approaching death of another member of the Tongan Clan for which he alone was responsible.

As he stood there, engaged in these somber reflections, he heard a slight rustle in the fern and Hina was there beside him. Her face was alight with happiness as he took her in his arms.

"Maui, how sad you look! Let us hurry away from this hateful place." She glanced at the sun. "The morning is not half finished; we have all the rest of the day to be together. Come quickly! We must not waste any of it!"

"Could you come without risk?" Maui asked.

The girl nodded. "I am safe for the day and most of the night. Only the two old servants of my mother know that I have gone, and even they do not know my reason for going. You must promise one thing: we are not to speak, either of us, of what is past or what is to come."

"But Hina . . ."

She put the palm of her hand across his lips. "For my sake; for both our sakes! Promise?"

"Willingly, gladly, my little Hina, but I have news that you must be told . . ."

"Then tell me later, before we say good-bye. This day is ours. We have so little time . . . that we can be sure of," she added quickly, as he was about to interrupt. "Let us hurry on to the lake."

Maui led the way along the fern-covered ridges and the green glades between them until they reached the forest land enclosing the lake on the eastern side. Hina stopped from time to time to gather flowers and the low-hanging blossoms of flowering trees whose delicate fragrance filled the air. When they had reached the wooded lands she gathered sweet-smelling ferns that thrive in the deep cool shade, making a green carpet for the forest floor and hanging in clusters from the mossy trunks of great trees. Her arms were filled with flowers and ferns by the time they reached the lake.

Maui watched longingly as she worked. "Stay where you are," she said, when he would have come closer. "My servants should be doing this, but how happy I am that we have none. They would hide and watch us, afterward." She tossed up fern and flowers, mingling and spreading them in a soft couch. "They smell of heaven," she said. An expression of deep sadness came over her face. "The heaven of now," she added, forlornly. "The heaven of today, and tonight, only."

"But, my darling, I will tell you what Métua said. He said: 'Maui, I know Tané's purposes as they concern you and Hina. If her life is joined with yours, the union will prove to be the greatest of blessings, not only to yourselves, but to the Tongan Clan for generations to come.'"

"But *if*, Maui; *if*."

"You don't believe?" He strode to where she sat, seized her hands and drew her roughly up and into his arms. He flung her *pareu* aside and held her fiercely, kissing her lips, her throat. He ran his lips over her smooth shoulders and, bending her back over his arm he kissed her body, her breasts, again and again. She lay limp in his arms, an expression of ecstasy upon her face that fired every drop of his blood. Lifting her as though she had been a child, he carried her toward the couch she had prepared. Hina, seeing what he would do, struggled so fiercely that she broke from his arms and slipped to the ground. She stepped away from him, throwing back her hair as she did so. She was breathing quickly and her eyes flashed with anger.

"Do you think you can handle me as you would a girl of common blood?" she demanded, proudly.

"But Hina . . ."

"Have you no sense of the beauty of love? Would you devour it as a hungry man fills his stomach?"

"Yes, when the hunger is past bearing," Maui said. "My Hina, forgive me! I thought only of myself; of my need for you. It shall be as you wish it."

"Now I must fashion my wedding gown," she said. She had carefully put aside some of the most

beautiful and fragrant of the flowers she had gathered. Breaking off a low-hanging branch of a *purau* tree, she stripped off a long segment of the smooth bark, and with her teeth reduced it to slender threads upon which the flowers were to be strung. She worked swiftly, deftly, choosing as though by instinct the various shapes and colors of flowers to be woven in beautiful and harmonious patterns. She fashioned only two: a charming wreath for her hair, and a necklace to fall over her bosom. The work was soon finished and she hung her ornaments from the branch of a tree, in the deep shade. When she looked again toward the sun it had just disappeared behind the mountain.

"I can go now," she said. "We shall remain in the cavern only until the light begins to fade. You are to wait here until I call. Turn your back. You are not to look toward the lake until you hear my voice."

Maui did so. He heard the light splash as Hina entered the water. He turned when she called. "Come now," she said, and dived toward the entrance to the cavern. On the beach before him lay the little girdle she had worn, decorated with the design of breadfruit leaves.

As Maui entered the cavern Hina was seated on the ledge as before, her hands clasped around her knees, but now the shaft of sunlight coming through the opening in the roof fell directly upon her so that her body was clearly revealed in golden light. As Maui swam toward her she rose and stood awaiting him with her hands clasped behind her head. When he stood before her she laid her hands lightly upon his shoulders.

"This is our wedding chamber," she said, "and now is the moment of our marriage. . . . I, Hina, granddaughter of Vaitangi, take you, Maui, for my husband, for this day and this night, and for the days and nights to come, if our lives are spared. Now speak your turn."

Then Maui laid his hands upon her shoulders and said: "I, Maui, son of Téaro, take you, Hina, for my beloved wife, for this day and this night and for all the years of our lives, for it is the purpose of Tané that this marriage shall be a blessing not only to ourselves but to our descendants for generations to come."

Maui would have slipped his arms around her but Hina prevented him. "This is the place of our marriage, not of our union," she said. "Get your coral pebble. We are to stay here no longer."

Maui fetched it and placed it in her outstretched palm. She held it in the shaft of sunlight and it glowed with a golden radiance as though it were a small sun in itself. "It is no common stone," Hina said, in an awestruck voice.

"It is a gift from Tané himself; it must be," Maui replied. "It is to be a symbol of our love and of our lives together."

"You must take it with you, Maui."

She dived into the pool and passed through the entrance to the lake, Maui following. When they reached the beach, Hina took him by the shoulders and pushed him down. "Sit here until I am ready," she said. Maui watched as she went into the sun-flecked shade at the upper slope of the beach. Sunlight and shadow dappled her slim naked body, moving caressingly over it as she knelt by the couch she had made, smoothing it with her hands and giving it a few last touches. She sat back on her heels, regarding it for a moment; then rose and went to the tree where she had hung her ornaments of flowers. She pressed the wreath down over her hair, passed the necklace twice around her throat so that it hung just above her bosom. Having donned this simple wedding gown she came into the full sunlight and halted before her lover. In silence she held out her hand and Maui placed the pebble in it. Taking up his clothing, she folded it neatly and carried it up the beach, laying the pebble upon it. Then she returned to him.

"Now you may take me," she said.

He lifted her eagerly and carried her up the beach.

"Oh, my Maui! My darling!" she said in a low voice as he placed her upon the couch.

22

NEAR midday one of the men on lookout at the high place in the mountains came running down the path to the assembly ground. The people working in the valley, seeing him, and guessing from the speed at which he ran that he brought unusual news, called out to him as he passed; but he gave no heed. He found Tuahu and Rata sitting in the shade before the council house. The man halted before them, breathing hard. "Where is Maui?" he asked.

"With the ships," Tuahu replied. "What has happened?"

"The war fleet! They are returning!"

"Send for Maui at once!" Rata said.

Glancing inland, Tuahu saw another man from the lookout on the headland to the north running down the path which led to the valley. "Wait!" he said. The man soon reached them. "The war fleet . . ." "We know," Tuahu interrupted. "How many ships?" "Three," the man replied. "One — Puaka's great ship — has left the others and is headed this way."

"Send at once for Maui," Rata repeated.

"No, Rata," Tuahu said. "We must send him word but beg him to stay where he is."

"With Puaka himself coming here?"

"For that reason," Tuahu replied. "We can make an excuse for Maui's absence. Remember this, Puaka doesn't know that Téaro is dead. He will ask for him, not Maui."

"We must decide at once what is to be done," Rata said. "There is not a moment to lose."

Nor was there. While the chiefs were talking, Puaka's ship, the largest of the war fleet, appeared from behind a headland to the northeast, not more than eight miles distant. There was no wind that morning and the men were paddling. Even at that distance the rhythmical flashes of the paddles in the sunlight could be plainly seen. A man was immediately sent to inform Maui, and to urge that he remain there until later news could be sent.

Rata and the other chiefs were deeply concerned, for there were no more than one hundred people in the Tongan valley at that time, all others being with Maui. The chiefs made haste to put on their ceremonial robes, and the people were ordered to come near the entrance of the valley so that it would appear to have its customary number of inhabitants. And they were to retire gradually inland as far as the assembly ground if it appeared that Puaka would go to the council house. During Puaka's rare visits to the Tongan valley, he had scarcely glanced at any of the *ariki* save Téaro, Rata, Maui, and Métua. It was therefore hastily and fearfully decided that some of the old men of the *raatira* class — the yeomen — still in the village, should don the robes of the missing chiefs, so that it might appear that the full council of the *ariki* were present to greet Puaka. This was a dangerous subterfuge but the risk had to be taken.

Rata standing in front, the others on either side, they waited the approach of Puaka's canoe. It was eighty feet long, with fighting platforms fore and aft and a smaller one amidships where Puaka himself stood in the midst of battle; it was also his honored place during the voyages; and when returning home from the expeditions against their enemies, a small house would be erected on this platform for his comfort. But now the platform was bare; the great fighting ship had been battered by wind and sea, and by enemies of the Koros as well. One mast was gone and the gunwales were splintered in places as though hacked by clubs and spears and damaged by stone missiles. Puaka's battle dress was torn and frayed, and the plumes of his great war helmet were in a sorry state. The ship lacked its full complement of one hundred and twenty fighting men; there were not more than eighty in the vessel, which was brought into the shallows broadside to the beach.

Rata stood at the water's edge, facing Puaka, who remained seated on his platform.

Rata was about to make a formal address of welcome. "Puaka, high priest of Koro," he began, but the priest interrupted him.

"*Ha'éré mai*," he thundered in a harsh voice, making a beckoning gesture. "*Ha'éré mai, outou!* — Come, all of you!" The little company of Tongan chiefs, real and supposed, waded into the water until they stood, shoulder-deep, a short distance from the ship; and Paoto, who was of short stature, was submerged to his neck. Then Puaka rose from

his seat and stood regarding them with a hostile glare.

"Where is Téaro?" he demanded, and as no one replied, he repeated, in a voice of thunder, "Where is your high chief? Why has he not come to meet me?"

Then Rata said: "Our high chief has been killed . . . in an accident. He fell from a cliff."

Puaka's warriors looked from him to the Tongan chiefs, standing abjectly in the water. The priest's eyes gleamed balefully as Rata spoke.

"Dead? Good!" he replied, with an evil smile. "Do you know why he is dead, you worshipers of Tané? Because it was the will of Koro that he should die. He has been punished as you shall all be punished. Who now stands in his place?"

There was no reply, and, with a black scowl, Puaka said: "Will you answer me? Who is now the leader of your people?"

"Myself," Rata replied, in a low voice.

"You are now high chief of the Tongans?" Puaka asked. "You have been appointed in Téaro's room?"

Rata hesitated and then shook his head. "No; it is Téaro's son, Maui. I act for him only, in coming to greet you, and make you welcome."

"Maui?" replied Puaka, his eyes gleaming with pleasure. "Maui? . . . Then why has he not come to welcome me?"

"He is fishing, at sea," Rata replied. "He has been gone since early morning."

Puaka turned to scan the empty horizon, and the forbidding scowl deepened once more. "Where is your priest?" he then demanded. "Why is he not here?"

"At the temple," Rata replied. "He does not know that you have come. It was only a few moments ago that we ourselves saw your ship approaching."

Puaka said: "Fetch him to me." Rata glanced at Paoto, who was about to wade ashore to send a messenger for Métua, when Puaka said, "No! Stand where you are!"

The priest reflected for a moment, elbows on his knees, looking at his two huge hands which he clasped and unclasped slowly; then he glanced at Rata.

"I shall stay here no longer," he said. "Tell this to your priest. Seven days from this day, Maui is to come to me. He is to come alone. If he fails to come, he shall be sent for; and a black day that will be for you worshipers of the god of peace." Puaka then ordered his paddlers to proceed. Looking back toward Rata, he said: "Stand where you are, you chiefs of the Tongans, until my ship is beyond the pass."

No greater humiliation could have been offered than that which Puaka had forced upon the chiefs: making them stand shoulder-deep in the lagoon before his ship and keeping them there after his

departure. Never before had they suffered such an indignity, but they submitted to it knowing that their fortunes and their lives depended upon the events of the next few days.

It was agreed among the chiefs that the people should not be told that Maui was to go to the Koro valley on the seventh day, lest it increase the fear already in their hearts. As for Maui, he worked day and night upon the last ship, *Te-Ava-Roa*, with the others assigned to this task. One of the twin hulls had been only half shaped and hollowed, nor were the great crossbeams ready which were to bind the hulls together. The men worked in shifts; not a moment was lost; even so, Maui's hope, that they might sail on the night before he was ordered to meet Puaka, was not to be realized. Meanwhile, at night the beach was thronged with people, men, women, and children, carrying the last of their supplies from the village to the ships. They dared not work by day lest they should receive an unexpected visit from the Koros, nor did they use their canoes by night. All their sea stores were carried from the one valley to the other, the people keeping within the shadow of the trees along the upper slope of the beach. The pigs were led by the children, a tether to their legs and their snouts closed with strips of bark. But the greatest burden they carried in their hearts: fear of discovery before they could leave Kurapo; fear of pursuit if they should succeed in escaping.

Early on the evening of the sixth day Maui called his ships' captains together. Their faces were grim, for they knew that Maui had been commanded to meet Puaka in the Koro village the following day.

Maui said: "You have worked harder and accomplished more than could have been expected; but *Te-Ava-Roa* is still unready for sea."

Ma'o, who was to captain *Te-Ava-Roa*, said: "Maui, let this be done! Sail, you others who are ready. As you know, there is a hidden cove not a mile from here to the south. I can move my ship there this night, with those who are to go in her. We can lie concealed and complete the work on *Te-Ava-Roa*. The Koros will have no suspicion that a ship has been left behind. When ready, we can await our chance, slip out in the darkness and follow you."

There was an immediate protest by the others at Ma'o's suggestion, and Maui said: "No, Ma'o, we go together and tomorrow night is the time of our going. This you can and must do, you others. Work the night through and the whole of tomorrow and *Te-Ava-Roa* can be at least fit for sailing. What remains to be done can be done at sea."

"What of yourself, Maui?" Faanui asked. "You will go to meet Puaka?"

"I must," Maui replied. "If I failed to go I would be sent for and everything would be lost."

"You will never return," Tavaké said in a heart-sick voice.

"That is far from certain," Maui replied quietly; "but if it should happen so, it will not be the first time that a high chief of the Tongans has been lost. Say no more of this but think only of the safety of our people. In all of our history Tané has never failed to send a favoring wind at the time of our departure from whatever land, nor will he fail us now. Leave well before midnight, so that you may be far beyond the horizon before day comes."

"And you, Maui?" Marama asked.

"Ru has my instructions," Maui replied. "My ship will be the last ship to leave. Ru will wait for me until midnight. If I have not returned by that time he will follow you."

Ru, Taio's youngest son, was the steersman and second-in-command of Maui's ship.

Then this brief meeting ended and the men returned to their work, most of them fearing that they had seen Maui for the last time. Ru remained with him, and they returned to the village and took the path to the temple of Tané. It was full night when they came back there. Ru remained at the priest's dwelling while Maui went with Métua into the temple grounds. The casket where the sacred stones were kept stood on the altar. The priest took from it the golden coral pebble which Maui had brought from the cavern at the lake. It was now enclosed in a net of strong fiber, the color of the stone itself. Métua hung it around Maui's neck.

"I am to wear it, yonder?" Maui asked.

The priest nodded. "It has lain in the casket with the sacred stones of Tané, which have been handled by our ancestors for more than twenty generations. Maui, the spirit — the *mana* — of the noblest Tongans has gone into the golden pebble which you wear. Be worthy of them. I know you will." The priest then embraced him. "Go, now," he said, "and may the grace of Tané go with you."

Dawn was at hand when Maui reached the place where the path began its steep descent to the valley. There he turned off the main path and followed one less frequented and farther from the river. He was not dressed in the robes of the high chief of the Tongans but in the simple costume of his daily wear, consisting of a mat and a small mantle of white tapa thrown across one shoulder. In stature and build, he might easily have been mistaken for one of Puaka's young warriors and was, evidently, so mistaken by those he passed. Maui hoped to reach the dwelling of Vaitangi before his presence in the valley was known, and he succeeded. A servant led him into the large room that occupied the main part of the house.

Maui was shocked at the change that had taken place in the old chief since he had last seen him. The flesh hung loosely on his huge frame, and on his face was the ashy pallor of death. His eyes, deeply sunk in their sockets, stared dully at the

mat before him. He was not aware of Maui's presence until the latter said, "Vaitangi, I have come to greet you. I am Maui, son of Téaro."

The old man glanced up, and a barely perceptible frown wrinkled the withered skin of his brow, but he gave no sign of recognition. Seeing that the effort was hopeless, Maui beckoned to the servant who had ushered him into the room. "Send word to Puaka that Maui, high chief of the Tongans, is awaiting him here," he said. The servant hesitated, gave him a frightened look, and departed.

Maui vainly questioned the women servants who stood in a distant part of the room; they merely stared without replying. Two left the room, but one remained. Maui took this woman by the shoulder and demanded, sternly: "Will you tell me where Hina is? No one shall know that you have spoken."

In a low voice scarcely above a whisper, the woman replied: "At the House of the Virgins. She may come presently." Then she too followed the others, leaving Maui alone with the old chief.

He went to the door and looked out on the assembly ground, which was thronged with people, for the sports and games in honor of Uri's coming marriage were already in progress. The chiefs were seated in a pavilion on the opposite side of the ground, watching the contestants. A moment later Maui saw Puaka come from the place and stride toward Vaitangi's dwelling, the people making way before him. He was followed by his nephew Uri.

As Puaka entered he halted to gaze at Maui. He made a bow of mock courtesy. "Welcome to the son of Téaro, high chief of the Tongans," he said. "You should have let me know when to expect you so that you might have been received with ceremony."

Maui made no reply.

"My nephew has come to greet you as well," Puaka said. "He has not forgotten your boyhood friendship."

Uri was now in his twenty-first year. He was of about Maui's height, but heavier in build. He regarded his old enemy with the same look of insolent pride as that shown at the time of their first meeting. He turned to his uncle. "Is he to stand before us as though in the presence of equals?" he asked.

"Kneel to my nephew!" Puaka commanded.

Maui stood with his arms folded, looking full into Uri's face.

"Did you hear me? Kneel!" the priest repeated; and, as Maui made no motion to obey, Puaka struck him a blow in the chest that sent him sprawling. Maui was no match in strength for the giant priest of Koro, but his spirit was unconquerable. He got to his feet, and, as he still refused to kneel, Puaka struck him a second time, on the head, a blow that knocked him senseless.

(To be concluded)



Books and Men



Why did Tolstoy never win a Nobel Prize? Why were Ibsen, Strindberg,

and Hardy turned down? This year, which marks the fiftieth anniversary of the Nobel Prizes, a memorial volume will be published in Stockholm telling for the first time of the jurors' deliberations over the awards and of how and why they were finally made. The book will be published in English, and the portions of it dealing with Alfred Nobel's life and the awards in the field of Medicine and Literature have been translated by NABOTH HEDIN, a son of Sweden and a Harvard graduate who became an American citizen in 1910.

WINNING THE NOBEL PRIZE

by NABOTH HEDIN

THIS year it is highly probable that two authors will receive the Nobel Prize for Literature. The Prize for 1949 was held over because the members of the Swedish Academy could not agree on any candidate. But ever since last February a subcommittee of five members of the Academy has been scrutinizing the nominations, reading and sifting the books of the various authors, and soliciting the opinion of ranking critics in and out of Sweden.

In his handwritten will, Alfred Nobel stipulated that "no consideration whatever be paid to the nationality of the candidate, so that only the most worthy receives the Prize whether he is a Scandinavian or not." But he made no reference to the nominations. As now interpreted, the right to nominate candidates for the Prize is held by members of the Swedish Academy and similar bodies, such as the French and the Spanish Academy; by professors of literature or languages in the ranking universities; by previous Prize winners; and by presidents of authors' organizations such as P.E.N. All nominations must be personal and confidential; joint resolutions are of no avail; neither is diplomatic pressure. Self-nominations are automatically ruled out — though not without a note of pity for those authors' wives who each year impulsively nominate their husbands.

Early in his famous will, the donor stipulated that those who were to be rewarded, whether in science or in literature, "must have rendered the greatest service to mankind during the preceding year." In that provision, as in others, Alfred Nobel revealed himself as the idealist and the paradox which he was.

The son of a Swedish armament maker, he had lived from his eighth to his eighteenth year in Russia, where his father had supplied submarine mines to the Czarist government for the Crimean War. He had seen his father ruined by the cancellation of orders at the war's end, and when the elder lost his grip, Alfred at the age of twenty-seven took over

on borrowed capital. He had followed his father's experiments with a new kind of gunpowder; but these he discarded and instead went to work to harness nitroglycerine, then the most dangerous combustible known. One of his first inventions was the Nobel lighter, a method of discharging nitroglycerine with a percussion spark; from the lighter, from dynamite, from a paste made from nitroglycerine, and still later from his invention of smokeless powder, came the royalties which were to build his huge fortune. He organized companies all over Europe and the United States; Paris became his favorite residence, and by his mid-thirties he was one of the wealthiest self-made men in the world.

He was also a linguist and, by aspiration, a writer. He knew five languages. His early poems were in English, and so were his plays, which bore a certain dim resemblance to those of George Bernard Shaw; the satirical novels which he started but never finished were in Swedish. French was the tongue which he spoke most nimbly; Russian he had learned as a boy during his many years in St. Petersburg. German — especially after Bismarck — was a language needed for his business. Again and again in his magnetic career he came back to his writing.

His years in France had made him anticlerical, just as his youth in Russia had made him contemptuous of Czarist tyranny. He loathed war; wars, he said, were started by the monarchs, the tyrants, in their greed and stupidity. Only one of his books, *Nemesis, a Renaissance Drama in Verse*, ever appeared in print and that at his own expense; all but three copies of it were burned by his relatives after his death; they didn't think that it was in keeping with the Nobel Foundation. But in his many beginnings, as in his disappointments, he worked hard enough to realize how hard it is to write well.

To this enormously wealthy bachelor, late in life, came the idea of awarding young men of genius the

money to carry on their lifework unhampered by poverty. What better way to distribute his fortune, which now grossed thirty-three million Swedish crowns? Nobel stipulated that all of his holdings were to be liquidated at his death (had the Prizes been drawn from the income of his investments in the form of a trust, they might be more than double what they are today). It was second nature for him to think of awarding Prizes in the fields of Physics, Chemistry, and Literature; the fact that he had suffered from poor health all his life and was always on the outlook for a better cure no doubt prompted the Award in Medicine. And it was the Viennese novelist and pacifist Bertha von Suttner, his friend for many years, who probably inspired him to give the Prize for Peace.

The inference is plain that Nobel intended his Prizes to go to men in young or middle life, men whose major work lay ahead of them; it is equally clear that he thought of Literature as a moral force. The will reads: ". . . one share [one fifth of the income] to the person who shall have produced in the field of Literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency." That phrase — "idealistic tendency" — proved to be a big hurdle from the very start. When the time came for the announcement of the first Prize in 1901, it was commonly thought that Count Leo Tolstoy would be chosen. Actually he had not been even nominated. The first name on the first list of nominees was that of Émile Zola, whose works were then regarded as the last word in realism. Another Frenchman, the poet Sully Prudhomme, had the backing of the French Academy; and in any tossup between Zola and Prudhomme, the poet was much the safer bet. The Prize went to him.

Throughout the world there were cries of remonstrance from those who admired Tolstoy. To soothe Tolstoy's feelings, a tribute to his genius was signed and sent to him by forty-two Swedish artists and writers, and in 1902 his name was officially put forward. But now the human element in the jury made itself felt. The Permanent Secretary of the Committee, Carl David af Wirsén, bitterly opposed Tolstoy because of his political views. In his report to the Academy as chairman of its Nobel Committee, he said that while he admired "immortal creations" like *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, he could not condone Tolstoy's social and political theories, nor his presumption in rewriting the New Testament "in a half mystical, half rationalistic spirit," nor, finally, his denial to both nations and individuals of the right of self-defense. "Confronted by such hostility to all forms of civilization," he wrote, "one feels dubious." Through his personal pressure, he succeeded in keeping the Prize from the great Russian both then and in the years to come. Wirsén was also successful in opposing an award to Ibsen and to Strindberg, and he almost kept it from going to Selma Lagerlöf.

That qualifying phrase — "work of an idealistic tendency" — shut out Thomas Hardy, who was nominated for almost twenty years in succession; it may have figured in the decision of 1930 when the choice lay between Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser. It might be leveled against a novelist like William Faulkner today.

The first English writer to receive the award was Rudyard Kipling; the Prize went to him in 1907 when he was forty-two years old, so far the youngest writer ever to have been honored. The average age of Nobel Prize Winners in Literature is sixty-two. In only one case — that of William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet — did the Prize money release the author from the handicap of poverty.

Thomas Hardy was eighty-three in the year when he was most seriously considered. Some of the younger members of the Academy felt that Hardy's lyrics alone justified the award even if his novels could not square with the definition. But this brought up the claims of a younger competing poet, William Butler Yeats, and to him the Prize was awarded. In 1921 the subcommittee of five was strongly in favor of John Galsworthy, only to be reversed by the Academy as a whole, who after a long argument awarded the palm to Anatole France. Galsworthy had to wait for eleven years more before he received his Prize.

In their citations, the jury generally takes the long view instead of pinning the Award on a single work. Thus, when they gave it to George Bernard Shaw, it was "for his literary work, which is marked by both idealism and humanity, and whose sharp satire is often infused with a singular poetic beauty." Shaw has been the only winner to refuse the money while accepting the honor, and in so doing he endeared himself to the Swedes by stipulating that his share be applied to translating into English both classical and modern Swedish works, including some of Strindberg's dramas.

Galsworthy's award was made specifically in recognition of *The Forsyte Saga*, as Knut Hamsun's was for his novel *The Growth of the Soil*. When Thomas Mann received the honor in 1929, his citation mentioned *Buddenbrooks*, a work of his youth which appeared in 1901, but said nothing about *The Magic Mountain*, which appeared in 1924 and which certainly has proved itself to be his masterpiece. Mann is one of the few who have continued to do outstanding work after receiving the Prize.

In retrospect, one wonders if the Prize Awards in Literature have actually carried out what Nobel had in mind when he wrote his will. Yeats still had sixteen years of writing ahead of him when he won the Prize, but he is the rare exception. In most cases, the Prize has come to a man firmly established in Letters, an author whose earnings have already made him independent, and it has come as an accolade to a career which has already reached its peak or passed it.



Books and Men



The shift which has occurred in America since 1920, writes JAMES

H. POWERS, is as deep, wide, and significant as any since the Renaissance or the Industrial Revolution. Foreign Editor of the Boston Globe, Mr. Powers has written many farsighted editorials during the twenty-seven years in which he has shared the mantle of "Uncle Dudley." Educated in the Needham public schools and at Boston University, he is a frequent contributor to the Atlantic and is the author of *Years of Tumult* (1918-1932).

THE CHANGING TIDE IN AMERICA

by JAMES H. POWERS

THE Roosevelt Era, as portrayed in the five latest volumes of the "Chronicles of America" series, published by Yale University Press under the editorial direction of Allan Nevins, begins to emerge as a phase — brilliant, spectacular, invigorating, contradictory — of one of history's larger transitions.

The deep tide of change began to flow in at the end of the First World War; it rolled on like Old Man River, indifferent to obstruction or mistaken policy or the heady defiances of a deluded nationalism. Before Harry M. Daugherty, in his own phrase, found Warren G. Harding "sunning himself like a turtle on a log" and "pushed him into the waters" of a dubious destiny, the tide had begun to swell. Throughout the "seemingly endless golden day" of the Coolidge regime it was inexorably rising, still unidentified, eventually to overwhelm and engulf the luckless engineer who fondly imagined that he was taking over the helm of state in the best of all possible worlds. Of the Republican triumvirate and Congresses presiding over our policies, domestic and foreign, throughout the turmoil and optimism, the corruption and industrial high jinks of the fabulous twenties, only Herbert Hoover eventually sensed the presence of the vast economic changes which had been making steady progress below the surface of our national life ever since the new science and industrial technologies of the twentieth century had been subjected to the explosive release of the First World War.

In the first of these important volumes, *From Versailles to the New Deal*, Professor Harold U. Faulkner of Smith is at pains to point out that Hoover strove at last with courage and some little wisdom to make head against the flood tide of troubles besetting the nation. It was too late. The very mental climate he and his immediate predecessors had nurtured in the nation thwarted him. An exuberantly expansive technology had run rampant too long in the fields of industrial production, shat-

tering the familiar economic molds of society and shaping new ones. Social concepts and political institutions, which must never be permitted to lag too far behind in adaptation to meet the changes resulting from this process, had been too long ignored. That the consequences were disastrous will surprise only those who fail to perceive one of the oldest of truths: the lords of industrial technology and laissez faire always tend to become laws unto themselves when the balance among social, political, and economic forces in society is distorted and government, becoming their vassal, defaults on its larger responsibilities to the whole of society.

Herbert Hoover's misfortune was that of a bewildered technician adrift on strange forces he could only in part identify. Roosevelt's tragedy was more purely Greek. To a greater degree than any other President since Woodrow Wilson, he knew what was happening; but even his enormous energies and massive, confident faith could not contain the whole essential problem.

He identified the secular flow of the century and moved gallantly to dominate it if that were possible. And, briefly, possible it was. The bright courage and the audacity of that endeavor, the brilliance of the efforts at improvisation, the genius of a leadership which summoned back men's faith in themselves and braced their wills through domestic adversity and desperate war — these, fittingly enough, have given the period its name, once for all. To them Dr. Denis W. Brogan, the English historian from Cambridge University, pays measured tribute and applies shrewd analysis in one of the most stimulating volumes of the series, *The Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt*. I doubt if a better, more sanely balanced, one-volume study of the major phases of the New Deal than this has been written.

That the magnitude of the task gradually exhausted Franklin D. Roosevelt does not lessen the significance of his effort. For the first time since the machine age bowed to the age of power in the

Americas, an attempt was made, with some conspicuous successes, to adapt political and social institutions in a free society to the changing tempo of a headlong industrial technology which was subjecting production to a whole series of transformations and forcing profoundly significant revisions in the life and habits of the people. The importance of that endeavor will not escape any friend of human freedom who understands the purport of Faulkner's dictum that "those who dominate the economic and social life of a nation are bound in the long run to dominate its government and its political ideals." The historian was looking back over the twenties, at the fact. Roosevelt was looking ahead, across the century, at the inexhaustible resources of the human mind and personality.

"We know that revolutions are not complete or new," Dr. Brogan reminds us. With the testimony of his own England and the record of the United States before him, he might have added, cautiously, that they need not necessarily be violent where an informed and strong leadership can find renewal out of the ranks of a people sufficiently aware of the value of its liberties to accept the discipline required for preserving them. So, after the preparation given by Faulkner's probing study of the economic, political, and social fantasia of the twenties, and Brogan's admirably written survey of the New Deal, the reader turns to Fletcher Pratt's *War for the World* for an assessment of the Roosevelt Era in extremis.

The Struggle for Survival, which will cover the story of the home front in the United States during World War II in this series of Chronicles, has been delayed. Pratt's story of our fighting forces in that struggle provides, however, abundant testimony about one of the consequences of the rehabilitation of men's faith in themselves and in their ability to confront domestic adversity. There is a truly formidable reinforcement of their courage against the odds of war. Here, surely, vigorous leadership found a people ready to rally against the initial disaster, to make the sacrifices essential to victory once the issues were clearly drawn.

Fletcher Pratt's otherwise excellent book suffers from a defect of its author's virtues: it is primarily a history of the naval war. In particular it offers us a story of the struggle in the Pacific. While the invasion of Africa and the campaign there, the assault on Italy, and the gigantic drive over the coasts of Normandy into Europe all receive substantial attention, there is no doubt as to where this historian's real interest lies. It is with the carriers and the airmen, the Marines and the soldiers bat-

tering their way up the island fringes of Japan's hastily charted empire of conquest. It is with the Fleet, gathering its forlorn remnants after Pearl Harbor; playing for time and reinforcement that waited upon the brawn and skill of construction yards; outmaneuvering, outguessing, and outgambing its formidable enemy above Midway; exacting toll on stealthy raids; heading into disaster and out again along the Slot above Guadalcanal, the Coral Sea, and Savo; steadily building power; tempering and proving the strategic and tactical skill of some of the greatest naval commanders in American history. The blunders are recorded meticulously, too. Fletcher Pratt can be pitiless on occasion.

War for the World ties in, like the earlier volumes of the series, and like Allan Nevins's admirable two-volume study of our diplomacy and foreign policy during the Roosevelt Era, with the great technological transition of our times. The conflict Pratt records was like no other sea warfare known to history. The Japanese admiral who ordered his battle force to withdraw because he couldn't see his opponents underlines the changes through which naval warfare was being speeded by a science headed for the atomic bomb.

There is a certain tidy logic in Pratt's treatment of this country's war effort on the fighting fronts; it may be measured by the developments in naval construction and aircraft, in weapons and procedures, between the day when the bombs showered down upon Pearl Harbor and the moment when that terrifying "great mushroom of fire" rose over Nagasaki. For America the war had begun in the Pacific. There likewise it ended — not for America alone, but for the world.

It is only necessary to thumb the pages of Nevins's two books on the foreign policy and diplomacy of the period between Versailles and the appearance of the United Nations to be reminded of the intimate connection between historic change throughout the world in this century and the experience of the American nation during the era of Roosevelt. Again the view broadens. Any idea of a particularist, domestically engendered Rooseveltian revolution begins to dissipate. Mr. Nevins's *The United States in a Chaotic World* and its companion volume, *The New Deal and World Affairs*, perform, like the other books in this fine series, a function of synthesis. Each of these historians is a specialist either in the period or the subject he discusses. Among them, nevertheless, they manage to define an age in transition. It is a shift as deep, wide, and significant as any since the Renaissance or the Industrial Revolution.

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

As I travel my commuter's run from country to town I look for certain oases, the very sight of which stirs my imagination. The trout hole in the Montserrat woods, the ocean seen from the Salem bridge, or the flood tide covering the Lynn marshes stirs my thinking of boats and the rod. And there is one spot on the back road to Boston which I never drive by without curiosity. It is a duck pond of about two acres, shaped like a half-moon, with apple trees banked along the flat western side and the curved shore sloping up to fertile fields. The water as I glimpse it in the early morning or late evening is likely to show the rings of fish feeding, or else it is flurried by a flock of Canadian Geese and their compact regiment of one hundred Gray Mallard ducklings.

My neighbor, the owner of the duck pond, is a gentleman farmer whose sheep and white Plymouth Rocks are the best. He loved hunting when young, and spent much of the autumn in his duck blinds; the Canadian Geese which migrate over this part of the coast were his prize beauties, and he once had two hundred of them as his live decoys. But as the fever of hunting burned away he came to prize them for their individuality, and so he has kept some of the old mated pairs on the place. Each year they have raised their young, and occasionally in the late autumn they have called down from the sky as many as fifty migrants who pause to feed with them on his pond for a day or two.

He dug the pond fifteen years ago. Originally it was a marsh too wet to mow. He was pretty sure of at least one good spring hole and there might be more, so he went to work with a steam shovel, scooped out the half-moon I have described, let the water seep into the good sandy bottom, and dammed up the overflow by the road. Except where the spring hole has been enlarged, the pond is nowhere deeper than three and one-half feet.

After the geese came the fish. He first stocked it with six-inch rainbow trout, and after waiting for two years tried to raise some with a fly, but there was no response and he concluded that they had either been killed by the heat or eaten by the sunnies. Then eight years ago he introduced four hundred smallmouthed bass. Again after a decent interval he tried the lure and again he drew a blank. But the geese were there, and their grace and antics were so rewarding that he soon forgot about the poor investment.

The oblivion continued until early this July. Then he telephoned me as the light was fading after dusk. "Thought you might be interested to know," he said, "that I have just weighed with my own hands a three-and-a-half-pound bass taken out of my duck pond. The boys tell me that they got a five-pounder earlier in the week. Why don't you come over and see what you can do?"

Since I wake at six on summer mornings, it was easy and tempting to step into an old pair of flannels and Wellingtons and drive over for a few casts before breakfast. The first morning, I was not sufficiently cautious about my tread on the bank. The bass were on their beds close to shore and I made just enough reverberation to send them like arrows toward the spring hole in the center. I could see the flight their fins made on the surface. I was more cautious as I made for the northern cove, and there my Gray Ghost hooked into a good fish. Meantime the geese had become interested. The one who directs traffic stalked down, launched himself, and honked that I move. By this time I was casting backhand in my effort to keep the fly out of the apple trees and I had no time to argue. So he called up the squad, and the first thing I knew four drakes, wings outstretched, hit that water like flying boats. The fishing in that part of the pond was over, and at the other end the ducklings were bobbing for breakfast. So I went home and caught the train for the office.

Since then the neighborhood, old and young, have been over to fish in the duck pond. The owner makes only two requests: that fish under twelve inches be released, and that beer cans and picnic papers belong to the consumer. So far the amenities have been observed. It is curious to think of those fish growing and multiplying in privacy until today. It is curious to reflect that the transformation of that marsh is typical of what is happening in many other parts of New England. If New England has been running dry, it is not so

much because of lack of water as because there are so many more of us, especially in the summertime, and we are using water more extravagantly than our ancestors. The solution for the farmer lies in just such farm ponds as this: deep enough for pan fish, pretty enough to look at, and full enough for irrigation.

Stone Age voyage

If you love water, it is no jump from a duck pond to the Pacific. The most audacious story of seafaring since the war is told and well told in *Kon-Tiki* (Rand-McNally, \$4.00) by Thor Heyerdahl. Heyerdahl, a Norwegian zoologist, had been prospecting for the origins of the Polynesian race in the late 1930s, and at the first opportunity after the war, in 1947, he gathered together a ship's company of six Scandinavians: war veterans, explorers, and a meteorologist — men who had learned to operate radio in the Resistance, parachutists who were not afraid of the unknown. Thor's matter-of-fact invitation was this: "Am going to cross Pacific on a wooden raft to support a theory that the South Sea islands were peopled from Peru. Will you come? . . . You will find good use for your technical abilities. . . . Reply at once." They accepted to a man, and in December Heyerdahl, their young captain, flew down to Peru to launch the expedition.

In the Ecuadorian jungle he found the huge green logs of balsa wood which is lighter than cork and the very timber he believed the natives used for their rafts centuries ago. Nine of these big fellows, three feet thick, weighing a ton apiece, the longest forty-five feet, were fastened together with three hundred different lengths of hemp rope. Through the crevices were five centerboards of solid fir planks. There was a deck of split bamboo and a small open cabin of bamboo cane with tiles of banana leaves. They had a big rectangular sail and a long steering oar set in tholepins. It was a faithful copy of a raft more primitive than Ulysses', and the Peruvian Navy, when they saw it, thought the whole thing was suicidal.

Heyerdahl figured on a voyage of four months at the outside. Beneath the bamboo floor they stowed away enough fresh water for a quart per man daily. Fish was to be their main staple. Within forty-eight hours of their departure, they were experiencing the worst of what was ahead. They were riding through the rough Humboldt Current on a cork steam roller, self-bailing, saturating, and a wild bull to steer. While they were in the current, it took two men on the oar, and a one-hour watch was all they could stand. But when at last they had left the Humboldt, the dulcet days began. Their evening light shining through the cracks of their latticed, malleable vessel attracted to them the monsters of the deep. They captured the snake mackerel never seen by men in centuries. The whale shark, a floating sinister reef of some sixty feet, played around

them but did not bite even when harpooned. Whales came foaming up to them and then dove under the raft. Each morning they breakfasted on the flying fish which landed on the deck during the night and tasted like troutlings.

The raft covered 4300 miles in 101 days, and following the life aboard is an astonishing adventure for readers of any age. The voyage did not necessarily prove the captain's theory, but it did prove the character of the six men, and that's why the book is so good.

The busted General

The hero of Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *Across the River and Into the Trees* (Scribner's, \$3.00), is a truculent American Colonel who in December, 1946, goes to Venice on a short leave to see his nineteen-year-old mistress and to shoot ducks on the icy marshes. He enjoys both pleasures to the full; he keeps going on drugs with the realization that he has had three heart attacks and that the next excess may kill him. It is a mordant story, and the title of it, which is taken from Stonewall Jackson's dying words, sets the key.

Colonel Richard Cantwell with his "wild boar blood" and his habit of command, with his attempts to be just despite his brusque and brutal talk, with his love of people who had fought and been mutilated like himself, and with the self-disparagement which never lets him forget that he is a busted general — to me he is a consistent and an exciting character. I see him in his deceptive toughness — deceptive because of his wounds, his concussions, and his leaking pump. I attribute the bitterness with which he condemns Eisenhower, Patton, Monty, and LeClerc to his own words: "I wished to be, and was, a General Officer in the Army of the United States. I have failed and I speak badly of all who have succeeded." And even if he could drink half as much and make love half as well as the novelist tells it, he would still be quite a man.

But there are a good many blanks in the Colonel's career which the author has not clearly accounted for, and because of these blanks Richard's character does not blend or fit together in all places. He served as a lieutenant with the Italian Army in the First World War and received his first wounds and his lifelong admiration of the Italians at that time. (But why did he sign up with the Italians and not with us?) He has an intimate knowledge of the Far West, a quotable love of Shakespeare, a decided taste for art, which suggest not a career in the regular Army but a civilian life. (What was he doing between the wars?) He married and is now paying alimony to an American war correspondent. (Why would a great lover wait until his late forties for that?) It is because of these blanks that the burly and sensitive sides of the Colonel are not well seamed.

Not unnaturally the dialogue is peppered with

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the Colonel's Army talk, coarse, unbridled, offensive to some in its repetition. This is an expected ingredient, and there are times when it is used with an air of bravado. "The Colonel woke before daylight and checked that there was no one sleeping with him." I call that bravado and I don't believe it, not with Renata possessing his thoughts as she did. Again when, in answer to the Contessa's question, "How many have you killed?" Richard replies, "One hundred and twenty-two sures. Not counting possibles," he commits a boast which I don't believe a really tough soldier would have bothered with.

What's best in this story is its love: its heartfelt love of the Infantry, its bantering, affectionate love of Venice and the Venetians, its gusty love of sea food and wine, and its love of gondolas with Renata in the lee.

Follow the Leader

In *The Egg and I* Betty MacDonald told of her hilarious problems in trying to raise daughters and chickens on a farm in Washington. In *The Plague and I* she described how she almost lost her life in a swift attack of TB, and of what it felt like to recuperate in a sanatorium. Her new book, *Anybody Can Do Anything* (Lippincott, \$2.75), is a family comedy which throws the spotlight on Betty's oldest sister, Mary. When Betty's first marriage collapsed and she limped home from the chicken farm with her two children and no bank account, it was Mary who roused her to fresh conquests.

So that you will understand the working relationship between the two sisters — Mary was just two years Betty's senior — Betty takes you back to her childhood in the mining country of Montana and in a series of vignettes illustrates how even then Mary was confident that her brothers and sisters could do the impossible if only they would follow her advice. These are very funny stories with just enough exaggeration to flavor the juvenilia. In their family vaudeville it was Betty, the Human Bird, The Greatest Jumper of All Time, who was coaxed to fly out of the barn loft. ("Come on, Betsy darling," Mary called, "I'll count for you and when I get to 10 you jump.") So Betty jumped and landed hard on a pile of straw and two tines of a hidden rake.

Twenty years later Mary's coaxing was just as irresistible and often as hazardous. Betty's assets were her looks, her willingness, and a sketchy knowledge of stenography, and with these she was made to jump into job after job. Her mistakes were real enough and never the same, and since both girls were attractive and still on the man hunt, the element of adventure is never absent. Only the long-suffering patience of Betty's bosses sounds implausible. Perhaps they did not quite know how to get rid of such a redhead.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

American Character in Action

BERNARD BARUCH: PORTRAIT OF A CITIZEN by *W. L. White*. (Harcourt, \$2.00.) A breezy, anecdotal profile of America's Old Roman. Mr. White's approach is admiring and superficial, but Baruch's phenomenal career cannot help being fascinating reading.

JOHN ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION by *Catherine Drinker Bowen*. (Atlantic-Little, \$5.00.) The Revolution was the work of young men, and this is the interpretative biography of the young Yankee from Quincy with his candor, his precaution, and his genius.

HARVEY CUSHING by *Elizabeth Harriet Thomson*. (Schuman, \$4.00.) An accessible, friendly life, sparked with the brilliance and irascibility of a perfectionist who was both surgeon and author.

CAPTAIN SAM GRANT by *Lloyd Lewis*. (Little, \$6.00.) A sympathetic delineation of Grant's uphill experience in the pre-Civil War period; warm-blooded, well-written history.

MARK TWAIN AS A LITERARY ARTIST by *Gladys Carmen Bellamy*. (Univ. Oklahoma, \$5.00.) In this book with its delightful quotations we see the struggle for self-control between the two Twains: the moralist out to reform the world, and the determinist who railed against the immovable stupidity of the human race.

Travel with an Appetite

A SUMMER IN ITALY by *Sean O'Faolain*. (Devin, \$3.50.) O'Faolain travels with a discerning eye and a fresh capacity for enjoyment. He loves the Italians without sentimentality, and is equally good on the national character, Giotto's tower, or the charms of a small fishing village.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE by *Henry James*. (Farrar, \$4.00.) This perceptive and urbane volume first published in 1883 covers the Loire country, Languedoc, and Provence. None of the recent handbooks on France can begin to compare with it.

SPAIN by *Sacheverell Sitwell*. (Batsford, \$4.00.) Sacheverell Sitwell has been in love with Spain for thirty years; he writes superbly of art and architecture, the landscape, the people, the festivals. 111 photographs.

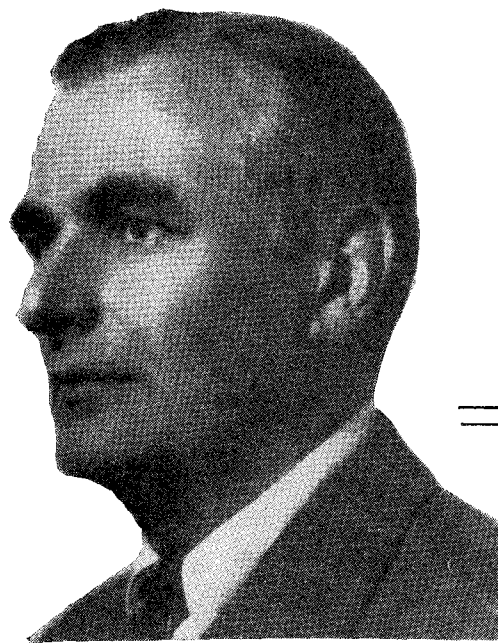
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A DRAYNEFLETE by *Osbert Lancaster*. (Houghton, \$2.25.) The most seriously absurd parody of an English place book ever written. Amusing black and whites.

True and Courageous

RISE UP AND WALK by *Turnley Walker*. (Dutton, \$1.75.) The physical and spiritual comeback of a family man struck down by polio in his thirties.

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE most satisfying novel I have come across so far this year is *Back* (Viking, \$3.00) by the pseudonymous English writer **Henry Green**, the author of *Loving* and *Nothing*. Henry Green has, I believe, solved in his work three of the most challenging problems that confront the modern novelist. He has forged a refreshingly distinctive style which retains the concreteness of naturalism while banishing its flatness with a strong infusion of poetry. He has restored to the novel enchantment — overtones of fable and mystery — in terms completely acceptable to the hard-headed reader. And further, he gives an accounting of contemporary life that is ruthlessly clear-eyed, totally free from sentimentality and cant, and yet admits of solutions of the problem of happiness. He has found a stance that is both positive and persuasive; one that has enabled him to rescue the "happy ending" from the slums of literature, dress it up respectably and restore it to polite society.

In speaking of Green's "stance" I do not mean an explicit system of values, a "philosophy," but simply his immensely sane, infallibly mature response to life. While scrutinizing the changes, the disintegration, the pervasive anxiety of our time, Green conserves a sense of human proportion, a sense of beauty, an entranced sensuality, and a curious kind of tenderness which find in life a sufficient ration of value. He is a novelist who makes considerable demands on the reader, and some have found him too cold and too mannered for their liking. I am sure, at any rate, that *Back* will delight his present following and strengthen its numbers. I know of no novel about the war veteran's homecoming which can compare with it.

Back is, undeniably, an outrageous tour de force, whose only justification is its complete success; if the reader were not seduced by Green's exquisite artistry, he would rebel against the continual knock and echo of coincidence; against the hallucination which colors the entire landscape of the novel. When Charley Summers is

repatriated, minus a leg, after five years in a German prison camp, he is possessed by the memory of a girl called Rose, who died while he was at war. He lives in a daze, plodding numbly through his day's work in an office; and in his shell-shocked mind, everything conspires to remind him of Rose. When one day he calls on a young war widow, Nancy Whitmore, Charley finds himself face to face with Rose herself — only the color of her hair has changed.

Charley is convinced that Nancy is his Rose, and he sees a sinister plot in everyone's denials: a plot which reflects the puzzling, hostile ways of the civilian world, in which "everything [is] the same — and at the same time different." And now we follow, at close range, the coming together of a split mind; the slow, incredulous acceptance of reality, and the rapturous rediscovery of love — a new rendering, immensely of our time, of the old fable of love's victory over the evil spell. *Back* is, in the most literal sense, a beautiful book, glowingly suffused with the image and color of roses. It hardens my conviction that Henry Green is one of the most rewarding and important of contemporary novelists.

"The Last Tory"

"He was more like the great Sir John Falstaff than any other human being I have known," Richard Aldington once said of the late and legendary **Ford Madox Ford**. Immensely prolific, Ford wrote a great many inconsequential books but he also wrote at least five novels — *The Good Soldier* and the Tietjens tetralogy — which, though rather neglected in their day, have since been very highly praised by some of the most demanding critics. Now the four Tietjens novels, published at intervals during the twenties, can be read as they were meant to be, in a single long volume: *Parade's End*: The Tietjens Saga (Knopf, \$5.00). Although it has dull stretches and is occasionally confusing in its abrupt changes of time and place, *Parade's End* has a driving power and a richness of content which are seldom encountered in the novels of today.

Dominating Ford's huge canvas, which spans the decade of the First World War, is the bulky, tormented, and sympathetic figure of Christopher Tietjens, "The Last English Tory, genuinely omniscient, slightly contemptuous — and sentimental in his

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human contacts." This Tietjens is a splendid creation on the grand scale, and around him there is a cluster of masterly characterizations. His wife, Sylvia, a great beauty and an implacable destroyer. His eldest brother, the "indispensable" high civil servant, with his undeviating code and his faultlessly discreet French housekeeper-mistress. The parvenu MacMaster, who creeps his sycophantic way along the bureaucratic path to knighthood. And many more.

On the surface, the story is the tragedy of a superior man undeservedly ruined by slander. The scurrilous rumors about Tietjens are originated by his wife, who finds his unfailing courtesy, balance, and moral steadfastness an intolerable reproach to her own instability. When she realizes how passionately he attracts her, she attacks him still more sadistically, even while (in the two middle volumes) he is in the trenches. Everyone believes her, and on all sides Tietjens becomes an object of hatred. What damns him, really, is his very excellence. His flawless manners, his high ideals, the whole of the gentlemanly tradition he embodies, are an offense to a world that has rejected them. Tietjens stoically allows himself to be discredited and disinherited, but eventually salvages a measure of personal happiness out of disaster.

As Robie Macauley points up in his very fine Introduction, the war is treated here as symptomatic of a general and anterior process of dissolution. Ford saw a profound connection between manners and morals, and to him the breakup of the Tory order and its code represented a far-reaching collapse of human values. His saga's underlying theme, made concrete in Tietjens's experience, is the crumbling of a whole phase of Western civilization.

It could easily be argued that Ford's is a romantic view of the Tory order, and that the exit of the "Last Tory" is inadequate as an allegory of the general disintegration. As for Tietjens, he is so altogether the *chevalier sans reproche* that one understands too readily why his wife runs amuck. His disdainful passivity in the face of persecution put me in mind of the French poet, crazed with romanticism, who scornfully remarked that living was a coarse affair which you left to your valet.

These considerations did not seriously interfere with my enjoyment since Ford has handsomely discharged

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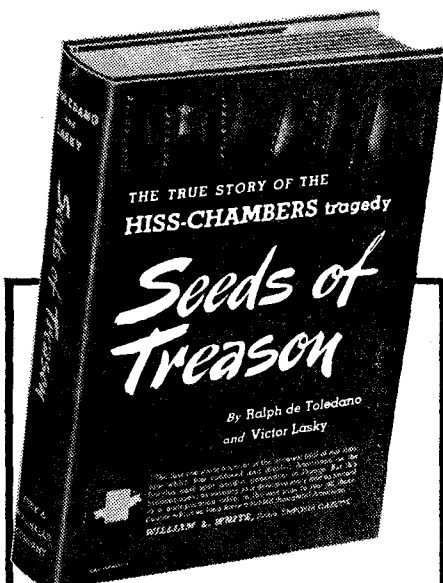
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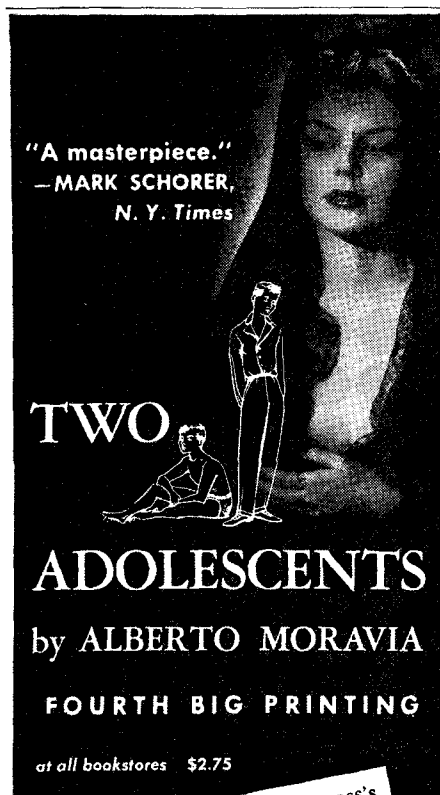
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Sir Osbert's portraiture is very close indeed to painting. It makes relatively little difference to the result whether or not the subject is, by conventional standards, "good copy"; Sitwell's artistry creates the interest. His chief concern is not to explain character or to present the well-rounded view, but to recapture the living presence that he knew; to make that presence, clothed in its distinctive aura and the aura of its time, live and breathe before the reader's eye.

Certainly Virginia Woolf's astringent essay on the eminent Sir Edmund Gosse is more telling, as evaluation, than Sir Osbert's mellow portrait. And Sitwell's portrayal of D'Annunzio is sheer adoration. But these "courteous," self-revelatory revelations have their own kind of strength, a miraculous power of evocation: a miracle achieved by the astonishing concreteness of the author's memory; the immense skill of his composition; and the beauty, the virtuosity of his prose.

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see the lady novelist, Ada Leverson, pouring a bottle of Chanel *Numéro Cinq* over herself and her visitors, because, she explained, a really clever woman needed extra-strong support. We see W. H. Davies — the poet who had been a sailor, a hobo, a gold-rusher — trying on his first good suit at a fashionable tailor's and disclosing that his underwear consisted entirely of newspapers pinned together. Sir Osbert offers us a host of witty sayings and witty anecdotes (and some, inevitably, which seem overvalued). Here, in sum, is a portrait gallery of writers and painters that is hung with near masterpieces.

At the beginning of *Noble Essences*, Sir Osbert reaffirms his conviction "that only by the magic of art, or of individuality, can men save themselves." On the last page, he writes, "Let it be said of me, as my apologia, that I have followed the lines I traced for myself in the right hand, rather than those inalterably incised in my left [by birth and tradition] . . . that I perceived in art the spirit made concrete and the flesh made eternal." This faith in the saving grace of art has been the leitmotif of the entire autobiography, and it is nobly vindicated by the completed work — a triumph of coherence wrested from a chaotic era.

History is not bunk

Ideas and Men (Prentice-Hall, \$6.00) by Crane Brinton, Professor of Ancient and Modern History at Harvard, is a comprehensive "story of western thought" or "intellectual history" ranging from Anaximander to Einstein and Sartre, from Platonism to Positivism. Dr. Brinton's study is focused on "how ideas work in the world"; he is concerned with a kind of knowledge — moral and political wisdom — which, in contrast to scientific knowledge, has not shown a pattern of steady growth through the centuries. Intellectual history, as Dr. Brinton points out, is a form of research which has a direct bearing on the largest of contemporary issues: the fact that man's power (applied scientific knowledge) has by far outstripped his understanding and control of human behavior, and now threatens him with catastrophe.

Presented as an introductory guidebook, *Ideas and Men* certainly enables the layman to follow Western civilization through its "adventure of ideas" with the irreducible minimum

of strain and a good deal of enjoyment. The style is brisk, the erudition vast, the exposition simple and systematic. I had the impression that Dr. Brinton tended to simplify rather more than the pressures of brevity made necessary, and that he overstrained, in general, to wear his brow low. Unquestionably, however, *Ideas and Men* is a popularized history of a high order.

No historian can help being swayed by certain guiding opinions; and Dr. Brinton's are, on the face of things, unobjectionable: he clearly believes that society has much to gain from a commonly held transcendental faith, and he is strongly attached to the democratic philosophy which exalts "the common man." The latter attachment, though, has hazards for the intellectual historian at a time when one of his chief tasks is, in his own accounting, to investigate "the comparative failure" of the democratic promise. Dr. Brinton, it seems to me, is begging a central question when, as he often does in commenting on a system or society, he invokes our notion of democracy as a touchstone. He is somewhat cool to the achievement of Athens, to the contribution of the Humanists, and to the whole Renaissance, because in each case he discerns — and dislikes — the aristocratic spirit. Surely the intellectual historian should remain keenly alive to the possibility that we may have much to learn from the aristocratic spirit, or any other.

Another book of history designed to shed light on the contemporary situation is *War and Civilization* (Oxford University Press, \$2.50), a collection of nine papers extracted by Albert Vann Fowler from Arnold J. Toynbee's six-volume *A Study of History*. Most of this material, which deals with militarism and war, did not appear in the one-volume condensation of Toynbee's *Study*.

The militarist society and the ultimately suicidal outcome of militarism are examined through the history of Sparta and Assyria, and the career of Timur Lenk. The Roman Republic in the second century B.C. furnishes the text for a reading on what Toynbee calls "the intoxication of victory" — the complacency and degeneration that set in after a great war has been won. One essay develops the thesis that progress in military technique is accompanied by a setback in civilization. Elsewhere,

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Toynbee discusses the defeats suffered by various societies through the "idolization of technique" — the conviction that, possessing a superior military technique, they were invincible. The opening chapter is a concise statement of Toynbee's famous argument that we are now in the acute phase of a "Time of Troubles."

Professor Toynbee is, of course, always well worth reading, but the extracts which make up *War and Civilization* have not, to my mind, quite the immediacy or interest of the essays in Toynbee's *Civilization on Trial*.

The Consul

The latest novel by A. J. Cronin, *The Spanish Gardener* (Little, Brown, \$3.00), is a story about the paternal counterpart of Momism — presumably Popism. It opens with the arrival of Harrington Brande and his nine-year-old son in the small Spanish town of San Jorge, where Brande is taking his post as American Consul. The Consul is one of those monstrously self-deluded men, blinded by colossal vanity, who imagine themselves vastly superior beings, unappreciated and ill-treated by the world. His wife has left him; publishers have spurned the biography on which he has lavished so much labor; and, after fifteen years in the State Department, he finds himself relegated to a backwater. The truth is that Brande — I kept visualizing Clifton Webb in the role — is a stuffed shirt, a snob, and a petty tyrant, whose suave manners fail to conceal a deep streak of sadism.

The neurotic possessiveness which cost Brande his wife has become focused on his son, Nicholas, who is sickly from overcoddling and desperately lonely. He is utterly enchanted when the gardener, José, a friendly, athletic young man — the most dashing player on the local pelota team — invites him to help plant the seedlings. And now, for the first time, Nicholas finds a friend and a hero. The small boy's touching discovery of happiness; his father's jealous hatred of José; the sinister intervention of a criminal butler and a shady psychiatrist — these become the main strands in a skillfully mounted drama that stirs anger and compassion.

There is nothing, I must add, in the fabric of this drama which I did not seem to have encountered before. *The Spanish Gardener* is a "well-made" novel, not an exceptional one.

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Jonathan off on a series of love affairs, which always, however, take second place to his dealings in real estate. Mr. Tilsley gets the reader pretty interested in his main characters and he is a vigorous storyteller — but he goes on much too long. A Literary Guild selection.

MAN'S FREEDOM by *Paul Weiss*. Yale University Press, \$5.00.

A complex, provocative ethical treatise by a former student of Whitehead who is now Professor of Philosophy at Yale. Paul Weiss sets out to resolve the age-old issue of determinism and free will, and

maps a position in which the will is at once free ("Man is a maker of himself") and limited because "to have a capacity to do certain things it is necessary first to exist and to exist as distinct from other things. It is to be limited. . . ." Similarly the author maintains that relativism and absolutism in ethics are compatible. Weiss's inquiry ranges deeply into good and evil, social action, "natural law," sacrifice and love. Most modern philosophers are a good deal tougher reading than, say, Descartes, Hume, or even Kant. Dr. Weiss is no exception.

LONG THE IMPERIAL WAY by *Hanama Tasaki*. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50.

This first war novel from the Japanese side is based on the author's three years' service as a private in China before Pearl Harbor. It is a remarkably interesting and successful fictional documentary — a vivid and patently honest picture of how the Japanese soldier was brutalized by indoctrination and sadistic discipline; of how he lived, fought, satisfied his appetites, and died; of his rare pleasures, his many fears, and his stifled longings. The author has brought off the considerable feat of making people whose inner life has seemed to us indecipherable emerge as human and understandable; and he has done it without in any way trying to whitewash their conduct.

THE ART OF TEACHING by *Gilbert Highet*. Knopf, \$3.50.

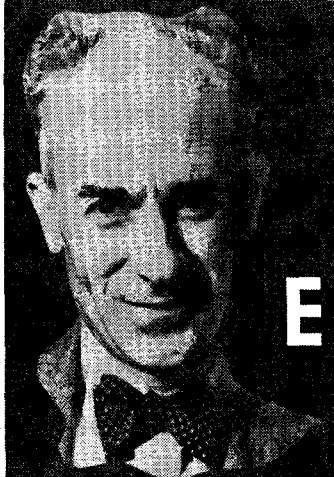
An Alpha Plus, no less, is what Professor Highet deserves for this genial, eminently practical, and (in the best sense) inspirational manual on the difficult subject of pedagogy. The book deals very systematically with The Teacher (qualities required; understanding of pupils); The Teacher's Methods (preparation of lectures, tutorial system, examinations); The Great Teachers (Socrates, Aristotle, Jesus, and others); and Teaching in Everyday Life. The author's pleasant style, humor, and wide frame of reference make his book a demonstration of the point he headlines: that the good teacher takes pains to be interesting as well as earnest.

COLLECTED STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. Random House, \$4.75.

Of these forty-two stories, seventeen have not been published in any of Faulkner's books, and a number of the others come from books now out of print. Here is a microcosm of the haunting world that Faulkner has so powerfully created; it brings to the reader his entire landscape, reflects all his major themes — the degeneration of the Old South, the greed and crudity of the new go-getters, the perceptiveness of the young, and so forth. These *Collected Stories* certainly strengthen the case of those critics who have steadily maintained that Faulkner is the greatest living American writer.

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ACCENT ON LIVING



As one obliged to rummage occasionally among the writings of educators, I believe I have discovered why the process of learning at their hands, or feet, is so painfully slow. The reason, and it irks me to have perceived it only at this late date, accounts for many hitherto baffling aspects of what might be called the academic lag. It is why reading assignments take so long, why lectures defy the note-taker, why the content of a course becomes so bulky, and why the bulk yields up so grudgingly its tiny treasures of information.

The reason, briefly, is the multi-negative, the "I-am-not-unaware" school of expression. I discovered it quite by chance one evening when I realized suddenly that I had been stalled for upwards of fifty minutes in pondering the meaning of the following sentence in an untitled report (instead of a title the author had provided twenty-four lines of explanation of what the report was about):—

"On the other hand, and leaving aside the slightly ludicrous spectacle of American universities actually paying for foreign propaganda, however harmless, it is impossible not to recognize that the excessive emphasis on sentiment which results from our

THIS MONTH

present practice does anything but militate in favor of the objectivity with which any field of study should be approached, *nor* does it render more easy the integration of foreign languages in the general scheme of American education."

If the reader is not unimpressed by the traps which the author neglected to omit from this example of plus-and-minus construction, I too am not unreluctant not to deny that such omissions would not have helped, not inconsiderably, my own comprehension of the sentence.

We are, in other words, in accord. We fail to misunderstand each other perfectly.

But at what point, in this by no means indefensible sentence that I could not forbear quoting, did—or do I mean did not?—unreason set in?

The length of the sentence is formidable. Reading it aloud, I experienced a tendency to run out of

breath on reaching the words "present practice," strain though I would to gasp my way further into the punch part of the mid-section. I felt like an operatic tenor trying to outstay the orchestra on his final note, and in reading aloud, just as in opera, such strivings are often damaging to the sense of a passage. Yet many a lead sentence in the *New York Times* is equally long, and I found that even study and reflection left me groping for the meaning in this case. I did not care whether it was a plus meaning or a minus meaning, up or down, good or bad: I simply wanted to know which.

I blush to confess it, but I next wasted a solid ten minutes on the word "nor." On my first run-through, I had got all the way up to "nor" without quite realizing that I was already in trouble. "Nor" stopped me dead in my tracks. Come now, I told myself, you're overtired, try it again. And once again I retraced my way from "On the other hand," down through "present practice," picked up speed through "objectivity"—I felt somehow that the author was not against objectivity even though I wasn't too happy about militating in favor of something—but my attempt to vault "nor" was a

total flop. I never even got off the ground.

Unwilling though I am not to trespass further on the reader's attention with "nor," I shall nevertheless get on with the fact: there is nothing wrong with "nor." It's exactly what the author wanted, it's in the right place, in good working order. So, although I admit it without regret, is the rest of the sentence. The fault was mine in attempting to read the thing aloud.

In joining up with a sentence like this one, the reader has no idea of where he is headed. He knows, to begin with, that the way is long, the going rough, and he finds himself clinging to every important-looking word as a kind of handhold: he can't

afford to let go of one until he has grasped another.

Thus it was that I reached, immediately after getting through the prefatory underbrush, for a pair of sturdy words — "impossible" and "recognize." I managed to swing along from these to a clutch on "does" — certainly a solid enough word — and "militate."

But in all this repeated trial and failure, a single error was balking me: somewhere in the first attempt, I had lost an essential "not," the one right after "impossible." How it happened — dropped, left behind, never packed at all — I do not know. It was lying right there in plain view in the fore part of the sentence when I finally retrieved it. Without the

"not," I was coming up to "nor" again and again with only a double negative under my belt, a plus sign, if you please, from which the "nor" could lead nowhere.

I held fast to the "not" as if to Ariadne's thread, once I had regained it, and with three minus signs in hand to give me a firm negative at the take-off, I was able to breeze through "nor" without even breaking my stride.

Now that I have solved the sentence, I feel more at ease about the writing capacity of the college (Smith) language department whence the report came. I see no reason to doubt that its written material is not substantially inadequate.

CHARLES W. MORTON

ALL ABOUT LOVE

by *RAOUL SIMPKINS*

RAOUL SIMPKINS is the pseudonym of an Atlantic author who sends us from time to time various oddities of life in present-day France.

THROUGHOUT the world the Frenchman is hailed automatically as "the great lovaire." No one else need apply. A subtle knowledge of "lurve" is one of France's most valuable invisible exports. The dollar drive is sparked by such old reliables as "gay lovaire" Maurice Chevalier and "sad lovaire" Charles Boyer.

None other than best-selling novelist-historian André Maurois has been conducting over the French national radio network a weekly series of free advice on "lurve" — its joys and pitfalls — all done in playlet form.

So let's listen in to the experts. Our great lovaire, Philip, is still unattached as class opens. He is discovered, bathing-suited, lying at the side of his friend Marise on the beach.

MARISE: How strange you are, Philip. For the past fortnight you have been courting me — and yet not courting me. You squeeze me. You try to kiss me, and you say nothing to me.

PHILIP: What do you want me to say? It is not words that I need.

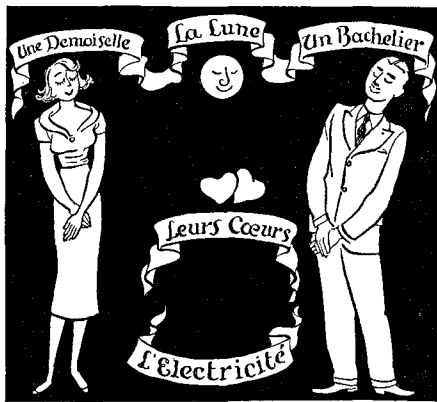
MARISE: Then we are different. Me, I need words. What do I want you to say? At least that you love me. You make the gestures of love and yet you do not utter the word itself. Why?

PHILIP: Because it halts on my very

lips. Because it strikes me as old hat. Because I don't know what it means. I find you pretty and well-balanced. The chassis has a nice line to it.

They bat it back and forth for a while. Then:—

MARISE: *Tenez — me* I want to kiss you when you say certain things.



PHILIP (*pricking up his ears*): What things?

MARISE: Well, when you talk enthusiastically about your job, your plans. That day when you talked of Africa, those immense forests which you described as "living coal" — that was magnificent. Naturally I didn't understand it all, but I was filled with admiration.

PHILIP: Oh, yes. My little résumé about the natural hydrocarbonates — you appreciated it! Yet you listened in silence. I said to myself "I bore her."

Now she's sending him. He makes a quick switch from the hydrocarbonates:—

PHILIP: To see your body so near mine gives me such an emotional thrill that this morning, breasting the waves, I thought I would faint.

MARISE: Oh, fierce Philip! Adorable Philip! You see that you can say some ravishing things when you let yourself go!

But watch it! After a rapid travelogue from Marise ("... New York — her drugstores, her skyscrapers, Harlem — Charleston ... all that must possess a poetry of its own ...") Philip is rash enough to ejaculate: "Come with me to see it, Marise!" Wrong! Instantly Marise murmurs: "*Hélas*, never my family would it permit me to travel with a *garçon* who was not my husband."

Adds Professor Maurois trenchantly, "*Un silence*." Philip is a dead duck — he proposes.

The honeymoon — how *not* to do it, according to the Professor.

PHILIP (*in the train after the wedding*): Who was that old fool at the reception who kept repeating, "Make her happy, my young friend, make her happy"?

MARISE (*coldly*): That was Uncle Cyprian, the husband of Aunt Céline. A most remarkable character — why, he used to be Professor of Constitutional Law at the University of Caracas.

There follows a nasty series of exchanges about the hats worn at the wedding by the two lots of female relations. It all ends in sobs.

Here's the right way. As the train gathers speed the young things embrace:—

PHILIP: My darling, if you continue to say such pretty things my lips will never leave yours.

MARISE: I'm not afraid. I like long-drawn-out kisses—style Hollywood. One closes one's eyes—

PHILIP (*puzzled*): Why?

MARISE: In order the better to savor them. (*They kiss again.*) Ah, perfect!

PHILIP: Oh, he there will be better ones still. We will set up a kissing house together. I say, darling, your parents were charming—so youthful-looking.

In the next scene things have soured. It is a week later and the young couple's travel agency, clearly unreliable, has landed them in a dismal station hotel, smack up against a busy main line.

MARISE (*sadly*): Be patient with me. For the past eight nights I have had barely a wink of sleep.

PHILIP: And what about me? How can I sleep with all these trains clanging past?

MARISE: *You've slept. You snored.*

More sharp exchanges, and then great lovaire Philip is misguided enough to avow that he has brought along some of his office work with him.

MARISE: You have brought *work*? On our *honeymoon*? Oh, Philip . . .

PHILIP (*flaring up*): Yes! I have three highly important files in my valise!

Forthwith Philip pulls a bulging dossier from the valise, a chair up to the table, and gets down to it. The trains roar past, and inevitably more sobs are heard from Marise on the bed. But after some chitchat about Chopin's nocturnes Philip goes over and takes Marise in his arms.

MARISE: I feel a little better. Some air, perhaps. Seated beneath the trees with you I would be happy. And it would allow the servants a chance to tidy up this room. *Allons, mon chéri* . . .



The honeymoon over, they settle down in that "kissing house" we heard about, but in no time the little woman is going on at Philip about his

table manners. ("You don't chew enough. The doctor told me your unfortunate stomach is overloaded.") Finally she gets Philip to lie down so that she can feel his liver.

PHILIP: Hey! That hurt!

MARISE: Tut. I barely touched you. Obviously you're in bad shape.

And we've come a long way from the fascination caused by the hydro-carbonates, for Marise says pettishly, "Once your day's work is done, must you embark on a heavy discussion with poor little me about the strikes in Finland or the oil deposits of Iraq? What do you know of Finland or Iraq? Nothing."

Having established that great lovaire Philip's stomach is overloaded, Marise proceeds thus to hit him below the belt.

Comes the bedroom scene! Here at least the great lovaire will surely assert himself?

MARISE: Don't fling your clothes untidily into the corners of the room. . . . Now what are you up to? *Not opening the window!*

PHILIP: You know that I require fresh air.

MARISE: Yes, but it happens to be November, and I don't want to catch pneumonia. All right then, I'll put on an extra blanket.

PHILIP: But only on *your* side of the bed.

Things totter along in fairly grim style but great lovaire Philip is dead game. Sensing, after some years of it, that the marriage has somehow got into a rut, he decides to spring a pleasant surprise on the little woman. So the front-door bell rings one night. Marise answers and runs back into the drawing room, a huge basket of flowers in her arms.

MARISE: Oh, Philip, who can have sent these? It's not my birthday. There's no card . . .

PHILIP: You can't guess?

MARISE: Why no. Can you?

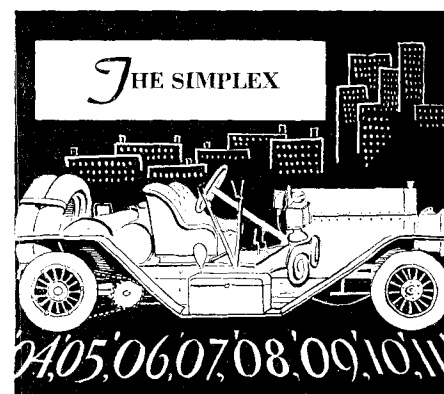
PHILIP (*archly*): I *know*.

MARISE: You can't mean—that *you* sent expensive flowers in the dead of the winter . . . without any reason . . .

She bursts into hysterical tears. "Oh, Philip," she cries, "you must have been unfaithful to me!"

Somberly the Professor adds: "You understand, gentlemen, the mistake in technique which the husband has committed. All commentary seems superfluous."

Vive l'amour!



by SMITH HEMPSTONE OLIVER

SMITH HEMPSTONE OLIVER is Associate Curator, Section of Land Transportation, at the Smithsonian Institution, where a notable example of the Simplex is on display.

THE name Simplex has been given to many products in the last fifty years, but probably the most famous of its bearers has been an automobile—an automobile that represented in its day all that a motorist could possibly desire, and which was every bit as good as the finest European cars of that time. Today among the *cognoscenti* of the history of the automobile, the name creates nostalgic memories, sometimes combined with chills of the spine as thrilling rides are mentally relived and tales of that great driver, George Robertson, are related.

This famous car, representing the best that could be built in this country shortly after the beginning of the century, was the brain child of A. D. Proctor Smith and his brother-in-law, Carleton R. Mabley, heads of the firm of Smith and Mabley of New York City. This firm, in 1904, was the sole importer of the renowned Fiat, Renault, Panhard, and Mercedes cars, and was well qualified to design and construct its own version of the automobile.

The product, known as the Smith and Mabley Simplex, was offered to the public in 1904 in two models, the 18-horsepower type AA and the 30-horsepower type BA. The reason for the decision to build from its own design was conservatively given in the company's sales literature, and reads in part as follows: "In presenting our type (AA) SMITH & MABLEY motor car, we make our first public bow as manufacturers, not having, during our connection with the automobile business, been able to find a car made in America which we could feel justified in attaching our name to, or even send from our sales-

rooms, with the quality and guarantee naturally implied thereby."

Within a short time — in 1907 to be exact — the 50-horsepower chain-drive model was on the market, and such well-known personages as Howard Gould, J. H. Flagler, and Richard Croker were included among the owners. The best in custom-built bodies was in evidence, Quinby,



Holbrook, Demarest, Brewster, and Healey all sharing in the honor in the ensuing years. Many of the chassis and engine parts were made of Krupp nickel-chrome steel imported from Essen, Germany.

The engine of the 50-horsepower version was of the 4-cylinder, 4-cycle, 2-block, T-head type, with a bore and stroke of $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches, giving the immense piston displacement of 597 cubic inches. Actually, about 70 brake horsepower was developed. The complete chassis weighed about 2600 pounds and cost \$5500 at the factory. The factory was, incidentally, on the river's edge on the south side of East 83rd Street in New York City. The offices, showroom, and garage were at 1765 Broadway, between 56th and 57th Streets.

Smith and Mabley were forced into bankruptcy by the panic of 1907, and their entire business was then acquired by Herman Broesel, a successful New York businessman, textile importer, and banker, who had been financially interested in the firm for several years. Under Broesel's guiding hand the Simplex, as the car came to be called, became even more famous, and the 90-horsepower model with a bore and stroke of $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches by $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches was subsequently added to the line. A total of about 235 complete chain-drive chassis were manufactured in 1907, while a few extra engines were produced to power the Simplex speedboats, a side line of the business.

The following years saw Simplex become a great success in the automobile racing field, both on dirt tracks and in road races. George Robertson became a name on the lips of as many people as murmur that of Ted Williams today. Other Simplex race drivers and mechanics were Al Poole, Glen Ethridge, Joe Tracy, Frank Lescault, and Louis Disbrow.

The 24-hour race at Brighton Beach, New York, on October 2 and 3, 1908, was won by Robertson and Lescault. The similar race the following year was won on July 30 and 31 by Robertson and Poole, while the National Stock Car Championship was won by Robertson and Ethridge at Lowell, Massachusetts, on September 8 that year. The same team won the Fairmount Park road race in Philadelphia on October 9. The round-the-clock race at Brighton Beach was again won by Simplex, on May 13 and 14, 1910. Various hill-climbing contests were won by Simplex at the hands of young Carl Broesel, E. H. Inman, G. W. Quintard, Gerard Lambert, and, of course, Robertson.

One of the widely publicized victories was that of Robertson on July 23, 1910, at Brighton Beach, when he defeated Ralph De Palma in a special 5-mile match race. Robertson was driving the Simplex "Zip," a very light car equipped with a 90-horsepower engine, and said to be the only left-hand-drive Simplex built. De Palma was at the wheel of the impressive Fiat "Cyclone," and managed to maintain a slight lead from the start until, at the last minute, the Simplex took over and won a much heralded victory. The "Zip" subsequently underwent considerable face lifting, and with a pointed radiator, a new body, and a set of wire wheels was driven for years by Disbrow.

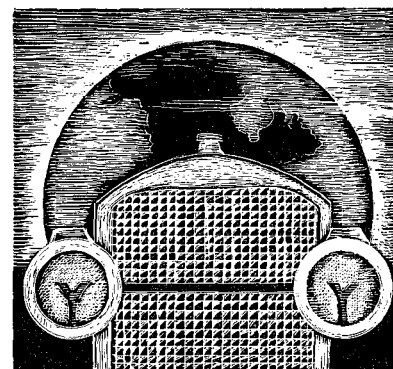
All of which brings us to the year 1912, at which time the entire output of the factory was sold in advance for about twelve months. The sales catalogue for that year listed three models, of which one was the shaft-drive 38-horsepower chassis with a 4-cylinder engine of $4\frac{7}{8}$ inches by $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches bore and stroke, priced at \$4000. The complete vehicle cost from \$4850 to \$6500, depending on the type and size of body furnished. The ever popular Simplex 50 was priced at \$4500 for the chassis and \$5400 to \$7000 for the entire car. The 90 chassis listed for \$5350, bodies

extra. All three of these models were provided with demountable rims and acetylene self-starters, while the 50 and 90 retained their singing chain drives. These two models, when equipped with the lighter bodies and the higher gearing, were easily capable of 80 miles an hour on the open road. Every car was guaranteed for a period of 365 days.

By the end of 1912 approximately 800 Simplex automobiles had been constructed since the founding of the business. Factories of the Simplex Automobile Company were located both in New York City and New Brunswick, New Jersey, and the main office was at 240 West 59th Street, New York.

The next several years saw quite a few changes. Herman Broesel had died in June, 1912, and his two sons, Herman, Jr., and Carl, were carrying on the business. The car was being produced only at New Brunswick, and the 50-horsepower model was available with either an enclosed chain drive as series E-3, or with a shaft drive as series E, each chassis selling for \$4600. The engine of the 50 was changed with respect to bore and stroke, the new dimensions being $5\frac{3}{8}$ by $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches. No other make of passenger car was being produced with chain drive, incidentally. The shaft-drive 38 was retained as series E-1, the chassis selling for \$4100. Rushmore electric self-starters were equipped on all models, a feature instituted in 1913.

The 75-horsepower model, of which only a few were built, was offered



at the same price formerly charged for the big 90. This model had an engine with the same bore and stroke as the 50, but which was supplied with much larger valves. Other features in the design of this engine made it a more powerful model than the 50; hence its numerical designation. Most of these 75's were fitted with beautiful pointed radiators, and

the engine was located about a foot farther back in the frame, with respect to the front axle, than was the engine of the 50.

This period saw the acquisition of the company by the Wall Street firm of Lockhart, Goodrich and Smith, and the replacement of Edward Franquist, the chief engineer, by Henry M. Crane of the Crane Motor Car Company of Bayonne, New Jersey. In 1915 the 6-cylinder Simplex, known as the Crane model, was offered as a companion car to the 4-cylinder models, all being built in New Brunswick. It was powered with a 2-block, L-head engine of Crane's own design. This engine had a bore and stroke of $4\frac{3}{8}$ by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and was rated at 46 horsepower but developed considerably more. These chassis were all left-hand-drive, and listed at \$5000. They were guaranteed for life while in the possession of the original purchaser, an unheard-of thing today.

Because of the drastic change in design the Crane model bore no resemblance at all to its predecessors, but it enjoyed the same reputation and justified it in every respect. In 1916 the 4-cylinder cars were no longer being offered, and the Crane Simplex was the sole product for the next several years. Production of automobiles was halted when America entered World War I, and the construction of airplane engines took its place.

Today, some forty years later, several dozen of these pedigreed machines, ranging from about 1909 to 1917, are still in the hands of loving owners, several having covered over 300,000 miles. And of equal interest is the fact that George Robertson, Al Poole, Glen Ethridge, Frank Lescault, Joe Tracy, and the Broesel brothers are still alive. Perhaps the spirit and strength of those fine old Simplex cars are in them too.

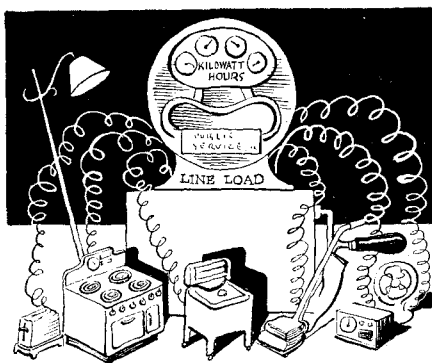
OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The crops of verse
I plan this year
Are less silk purse
And more sow's ear.

The rustic song
I hope to write
Must be Bull-strong,
Horse-high, Pig-tight.

ACCENT ON LIVING



JDYL OF THE P.S. CORP.

by RIXFORD KNIGHT

A connoisseur of the vagaries of barnyard animals and fowl, RIXFORD KNIGHT is a farmer at Jamaica, Vermont.

WHEN pressure from the family decided me to have electricity brought up to the farm, I was told by the Public Service Corporation that since I was not on a power line I would have to put up five poles. I could do this myself, or they would do it for me at a cost of \$18 a pole. I did it myself, using spruce trees from the wood lot. My only cash outlay was the \$5 deposit required by the company before they would wire the poles and install the meter.

I found it pleasant to have electric lights on the farm, and it was convenient when a cow got sick or anything, but I was irked about the company's having the use of my \$5 deposit which might have been drawing interest for me at the savings bank at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent or seven and one-half cents a year. So when the first month's electric light bill came I tucked it back of the kitchen clock. I did the same with the bills for the two following months.

So long as the total of these bills did not exceed the amount of my deposit the Public Service Corporation did not worry much; but five days after receiving the third month's bill I got a notice from the company, printed in blue ink, noting the amount of my arrears, and warning that if my account was not settled within ten days they would have to remove my meter. "The cost of reinstallation will be \$2" was their supercilious postscript. I paid this notice on the eighth day.

By doing this I saved a three-cent stamp and a half-cent envelope on each of the first two bills. Three and one-half cents times two is seven

cents. The other half cent I was willing to forgo on account of the extra three and one-half cents it cost the company to mail me the blue-ink notice and the annoyance it undoubtedly caused them. We carried on on this basis for five years till the spruce poles I had set up rotted at the base.

But three years and seven months before this a neighbor, three poles farther up the road, had had electricity installed. He used my poles, of course. Also a second neighbor, five poles past the first, was using my five and the first neighbor's three.

I now represented to the light company that since my first neighbor was using eight poles, five of which were mine, he ought to stand five eighths of the expense of my five new poles. And my second neighbor, who was using a total of thirteen poles, ought to pay five thirteenths of the cost. This would make their combined contributions $105/104$ ths of the total cost of my new poles.

I told the electric light company that this time I might wish to have them set up the poles themselves, at so much a pole, and asked them to submit an estimate, at their earliest convenience, of the probable amount of their remittance to me per pole upon completion of the transaction. They replied that the simplest way would be for them to consider me as now being on a power line and to erect the poles at their own expense.

I agreed to the company's proposition, but at the same time I could not ignore the implication that if I was a power line now, I had also been a power line three years and seven months earlier when my neighbor had started using my poles. In effect the power company had been using my poles to their profit for that length of time and should have reimbursed me for a proportionate amount of the original labor cost of my five poles. I estimated that at the rate of seven cents every three months it would take a lifetime to liquidate the indebtedness and I felt justified in putting my Fabian tactics in connection with the bills on a year-round basis.

My next extra-routine dealings with the Public Service Corporation came three years later, at a time when the matter of rates was up before the state utilities commission. I received a form letter from the company saying that because of our long and mutually profitable relationship and my consistently prompt payment of my

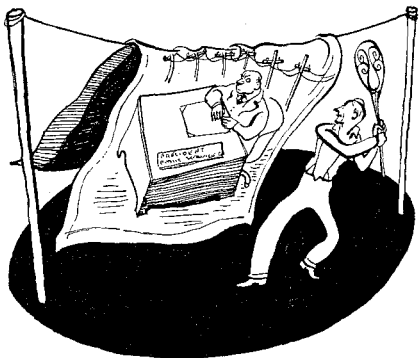
bills they were pleased to refund me my original deposit of \$5.

I felt more amicably inclined toward the light company after this, but since they still owed me for their share of the original poles after I became a power line, I saw no reason to change my habit with regard to the bills. However, something must have gone wrong in the mails, because two months and fifteen days later the Service Corporation drove up and removed my meter. I offered to pay the two bills, but they insisted on the \$2 reinstallation fee in addition. This I refused to pay and they drove off with my meter.

They thought, of course, that pretty soon I would come hurrying to them with \$2 in my outstretched hand, begging for reinstallation of my meter. But I'm not one to be pushed around by these big monopolies and I determined to teach them a lesson.

I had always felt — and had explained to my family many times — that these electric gadgets the monopolies press you to buy, and then sell you current for, are not really necessary anyhow, and that in the end we lose by having them. The electric washing machine is a case in point.

Before the advent of the electric washing machine the women washed what needed to be washed and that ended it. But now that the P.S. Corp. does the work for them, everything in the house needs washing. Once a week regularly the house is thrown into a turmoil of frantic search for anything with a woof or a warp. Sheets are yanked from beds,



and cases from pillows. Curtains are pulled down, exposing finger marks on windows which augur poorly for peace the following day. Closets are ransacked; bags of garments are dumped and sorted into whites and non-whites. Socks are held up between thumb and fastidious forefinger for an inspection they never pass.

If a wind is blowing and the sun is warm, blankets, portieres, rugs, couch

covers, and mattress covers are all deemed in need of cleansing and add their quota to the profits of the P.S. Corp. Children are run after and their pockets searched for the last handkerchief that is not neatly folded into a square and devoid of all wrinkles. Gentlemen stealing into pantries for a glass of milk and a cracker, as substitute for their midday meal, are harried with such questions as "When did you last change your underwear?" Everywhere is a melee of lather, suds, splashings, arguments, and soggy clothes hanging face-high on sagging lines.

All this, to the loss of the P.S. Corp., would be over with. We would return to the days of sanity. I mapped out our household regimen. We would rise with the sun and would toast our bread as it ought to be toasted — on the back of the good wood stove. During the day we would do such chores as needed to be done, and in the evenings, instead of enduring the blaring radio and glaring light bulbs, I would entertain by reading aloud pertinent chapters from Thoreau by the soft light of the kerosene lamp. Then we would retire for a long and peaceful rest.

Now began for my family and myself a series of idyllic days and nights free from the domination of the machine age and the exactions of the P.S. Corp.

Because the electric pump was no longer operating, the flush toilets could not function, so I began immediately the construction of an outdoor privy. I enjoyed every minute of designing and working on this structure. I believe, from my experience on it, that an entirely new economy could be built up around the individual incentives derived from frustrating the P.S. Corp., and that it would work far better than one based on the profit motive.

Because water had to be fetched in pails from the well, washday lost all of its fearsome character. Washing became a matter of boiling an occasional handkerchief or the lower end of a pair of socks in a cup of water.

With the radio out of commission it became possible to get the children to do a little work in the garden and a little studying in the evening. Studying made them sleepy, so it was possible to get them to bed and out of the way for that quiet hour that is the delight and support of parents.

With the refrigerator no longer in use, odd saucers and bowls that had

been missing for months began to reappear. Butter became spreadable. Frozen junkets flavored with vanilla, lemon extract, or even almond, were replaced by honest pies and cakes.

Also the whine of the vacuum



cleaner was no longer heard in the land.

It is in this connection that I have to report a certain measure of non-coöperation on the part of members of the family. An inordinate amount of rug-beating seemed to be required, and it always seemed to happen that I was the only one around at the time it had to be done. However, I was supported in this work by knowing that the board of directors of the P.S. Corp. were sitting around their mahogany table worrying about the decline in profits I was causing them and wondering what to do about it. One hundred and twenty-five good thwacks for each of the twelve directors and the rug-beating job was done.

No small part of the satisfaction I got from defeating the P.S. Corp. came from estimating the amount of their loss and of my own savings. At the end of every month I spent a happy hour figuring these amounts in detail. Then I placed that amount of money in an envelope marked "for flashlight batteries" and tucked it back of the kitchen clock.

This happy situation might have continued indefinitely if I had not been called away for a few days on business. When I returned I was met by the blare of the radio, the whine of the cleaner, the slopping of suds, and the smiles of the members of my family. I was not unconsolable. During my absence the P.S. Corp. had acknowledged defeat and reinstalled my meter.

HOME DELIVERY

by ETHEL JACOBSON

ROVER brings the paper in.
Isn't Rover bright?
Rover brings the paper in,
Bite by bite.